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SIXPENCE.



THE GENERAL ELECTION: MR. CHAMBERLAIN ADDRESSING A MEETING IN THE OPERA HOUSE, COVENTRY, ON OCTOBER 1.

"There are no pro-Boers or Little Englanders in the Colonies. If there were, the Colonies would know how to deal with them."—EXTRACT FROM MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S SPEECH.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

A few more words with Professor Bettink, of Utrecht University. He writes to tell me that he is "a gentleman," and to contrist my anger with his "absolute calm." I gather from this that at Utrecht University it is the mark of a gentleman to persist in calumny, and that the height of Dutch moral philosophy is the calm of the impenitent traducer. The Professor, who does not understand the judicious use of proverbs, quotes to me: "*Qui se fâche a tort.*" Mr. Kruger, sitting serenely on the gold that does not belong to him, whilst angry burghers, swindled by his worthless paper-money, vainly demand restitution, might find that proverb as convenient as it is to Professor Bettink. It is sad that I should have to point out to a Professor of Utrecht University these elementary distinctions in morals; but this only makes me wonder the more what academic or ethical value he can have for that institution. He has the assurance to challenge me to prove that he charged the British military authorities with the intention of murdering the Boer prisoners. I have preserved the precious document that he circulated among the London newspapers last April, and I quote this instructive passage: "But surely Englishmen are to be found who have a heart and conscience, and who will be willing to raise their voice, perhaps against this impious war, but assuredly against making away with the prisoners of war." To make away with prisoners is to murder them. There is the lying charge in the plainest terms. Cronje and his troops, said the Professor in April, were "outraged and ridiculed in the principal English newspapers." That is a gross falsehood. Then they were "crowded together in filthy ships, as was done with negroes in the worst periods of the slave-trade." That is a gross falsehood. I thought I had tracked the Professor through the whole mass of lies; but some forgotten gem springs to notice with every fresh survey.

England, said the April indictment, "undertook a war of extermination." Here is the root idea of the whole campaign of defamation. Hence the abominable story, still supported by the Professor's "absolute calm," and nothing else, that British officers ordered Kaffirs to butcher Boer women and children. Hence the delirious rubbish about the shipment of the prisoners to St. Helena. "Once there," wrote the Aristides of Utrecht University, "England will, no doubt, provide them with a jailer worthy of Hudson Lowe. Goodness knows how few will see their native country again!" In the present number of this Journal my readers will find two photographs, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of Lord Abinger, who has lately visited St. Helena. These typical illustrations of the well-being of the Boer prisoners indicate with sufficient clearness the distinction between truth and the venomous conjecture which is part of the curriculum of Utrecht University. "I should like to ask Professor Bettink," writes Lord Abinger, "if in photograph No. 1, for instance, the prisoner who is lying down, looking out of his hut, looks as if he were in terror of his life, or if those prisoners in photograph No. 2 look as if they thought they were to be secretly and mysteriously made away with? The prisoners are allowed to take up any trade they are practised in. For instance, one prisoner has a photographer's shop stocked with the very latest appliances. This man took these photographs. They are not very remarkable, but then the day was not good. . . . The Boers look upon Colonel Evans more as a father than as a jailer; and in return for his kindness he only wishes them to be dutiful." As for the food of the prisoners, Lord Abinger says: "I fancy the wily Boer did not suspect such meals existed in the world"; and he suggests that when the war is over some of the Boers will be unwilling to end such luxurious exile.

"That there should be a humane commander at St. Helena," writes this amazing Professor to me, "could not be expected, and I was very happy to learn it from you." I did not detect this happiness in his attempt to discredit Colonel Schiel's letter, and I am not sanguine of making him understand that Colonel Evans is not a whit more or less humane than the British officers he accuses of ordering the butchery of women and children. I warned Professor Bettink against the childishness of arguing that belief in the righteousness of the Boer cause made it necessary also to believe that the Briton must violate the laws of civilised warfare. He tells me that this is exactly his position. "I keep my opinion that the cause of the Boers is righteous, and therefore that the British cause is wrong, and what they do in this war is inhuman." According to this reasoning it was inhuman of Lord Roberts to feed the burgher families at Pretoria; it is inhuman of Colonel Evans to treat his captives with so much kindness; and it is noble and glorious for Boers to lure our patrols to a homestead with the white flag and treacherously shoot them.

No disease in my time has wrought such havoc as Boeritis. It has even disturbed the mental equilibrium of Mr. Herbert Spencer. He has been advising some too

receptive admirers to compare the evils of Mr. Kruger's system of government with the evils of the system that prevailed in this country before the Reform Act of 1832. What should we think of a magistrate who addressed a culprit in these terms: "Prisoner in the dock, you have been convicted of the crime of stealing five shillings; but when I reflect that the ancestors of the prosecutor lived under a law which punished such a trumpery theft with death, I cannot bring myself to inflict upon you even a moderate term of imprisonment. You are discharged." That Mr. Herbert Spencer should invite such a parallel line of reasoning is one of those things which, as Professor Bettink would say, "could not be expected." It is the inspiration you look for in Ouida, who says that, but for Mr. Chamberlain, "the farmers of the Transvaal would still be ploughing their lands in peace." You see it is possible to be a woman of genius, yet be ignorant that the Boers are stock-breeders, and not ploughmen. If you want to enjoy a series of piercing and admirably sustained screams, read Ouida's "Critical Studies." There is nothing critical in the book except an excellent paper on d'Annunzio; but there is a great deal of sentiment in this vein: "If there be one thing more loathsome than the carnage of war, it is the Red Cross societies following in its train. . . . The slaughter of wounded men was more truly merciful than the modern system of surgery and nursing, which save shattered constitutions and ruined health to drag out a miserable and artificially prolonged existence."

I fear that Ouida knows even less of modern surgery than she does of politics, and is quite unaware that many soldiers who have been perforated by Mauser bullets are just as healthy and vigorous now as they were before they went campaigning. But what of that? Who troubles himself about Ouida's opinions? It is her gift of picturesque writing that interests and refreshes me. Probably I should enjoy Professor Bettink if I could read him in Dutch. Ouida denounces science because of the bomb, which, by blowing into the air arms and legs and headless trunks, robs them of "that mute majesty which the dead body claims by right of nature." "It is to be feared, moreover, that the extreme facilities given by science for instantaneous and widespread slaughter will lead gradually to greater indifference still in the public mind to assassination, and it will become so common that it will be scarcely regarded with disapproval." This is the logical limit of Professor Bettink with a wider scope. He limits brutality to the English; Ouida spreads it over the human race. "All humanity has been inoculated with the serum of concentrated cowardice and egotism." "There's a bald head, Tim—hit it!" cried the Irishman at the fair. And upon all humanity's bald head down comes Ouida's flail with a resounding thwack.

This dauntless lady has a passion for championing animals against the murderous fantasies of man. Hence her amiable partiality for the slaughter of the wounded on the battlefield, and her gibes at the "sanctity of human life." It is as if one kept white mice, and prayed for death and destruction upon everybody who exhibited the serum of cowardice and egotism by setting a mouse-trap. Ouida must have shed tears of joy over that little girl who looked at a picture representing the martyrdom of early Christians, devoured by lions in the Roman arena, and said to her mother, "Oh, mamma! There's a poor dear lion who has no Christian!" Man is just as cruel now, says Ouida, as the primitive cave-dweller, who sharpened his flint every morning and went out to kill something. In strict justice to the cave-dweller it may be remarked that he did not kill for sport—he had to kill or be killed. He led a precarious life among those most unpleasant mammoth beasts who have been revived by the graphic pencil of Mr. E. T. Reed in *Punch*. It might have been better for the world if the mammoths had extinguished the cave-dweller. Our mother earth would now be a vast hilarious jungle, with every animal save man devouring its competitor for dear life, especially the dog, for which Ouida pleads so eloquently, without suspecting in the least that but for man, the conqueror and tamer, the dog would be a famished savage.

A correspondent writes to me: "Sir, I have just witnessed a painful scene in the restaurant of the Charing Cross Hotel, whither so many hungry patriots repair on arriving from the Continent with a natural yearning for the comestibles of their native land, such as mutton and rice. I had not been seated there five minutes when a fierce-looking being limped in with his right foot in a bandage. He sank into a chair, called for soda-water, and, when it was poured out, suddenly dropped into it some white substance, glared wildly at the company, and before anyone could stop him drained the fatal glass at one gulp. Suspecting at once that it was poison, I rushed to his side, exclaiming, 'In Heaven's name, what made you do it! A stomach-pump is your only chance!' He clutched me by the arm. 'Stomach pump!' he cried; 'Is it any good? I've never tried it. That was my last tabloid, and this infernal rheumatism is worse than ever!' Sir, I could see this was evasion. The wretched man had poisoned himself, and sought to baffle inquiry. Would you believe it: the other people laughed and let him limp away—to die, I have no doubt, in a four-wheeled cab!"

CHINA AND SOUTH AFRICA.

BY A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.

The military, as distinct from the political, situation in China continues to exhibit features of interest and significance. At the same time there is a regrettable lack of coherence in the operations of the Allied forces, and here and there signs of indoubt friction are to be observed. Particularly does this seem to be the case as regards such portions of the railway as have fallen into the foreigners' hands. In a recent despatch from Peking it is stated that the British and Russians have been seizing and guarding small lengths of the line in order to repair it, and that, in consequence, the work has been unsystematic and the completion is indefinite. This is a grave state of affairs, looking at the importance of maintaining the scanty railway communication of which China can boast, and the possibility that continued friction may generate something worse.

As regards actual fighting, it should be recorded that the capture of the Peitang forts was, on Sept. 21, followed by a smart attack on the important strategical position of Lutai, overlooking the railway which runs from Tientsin to Shan-hai-kwan. The credit of this is due to the Russians, who carried out the operation with great energy and complete success, the Chinese garrison simply melting away on the approach of the Cossack and Siberian cavalry. It is evidently the intention of the Allied forces to follow up the capture of the Peitang forts and the Lutai position by an expedition to Shan-hai-kwan, and, according to the latest despatches, an important move was made in this direction from Taku on Monday last. The expedition is a combined naval and military one, and the total land force is to consist of 4000 men. The troops are to be landed to the south of Shan-hai-kwan, and will co-operate with the Russian contingent which captured Lutai. The occupation of Shan-hai-kwan is a most desirable measure, as it will not only give a fresh landing-place for troops, but also secure the terminus of a useful branch line of railway, in which, by the way, British investors are heavily interested. At present there seems some fear lest Russian aggressiveness may tend to obscure the latter fact.

The various expeditions sent out to points round Peking have had a good effect in quieting the country and rendering the communications more secure. But it is clear that the work will be incomplete without the reduction of Pao-ting-fu, to which a branch line runs from Peking. Whether, in view of the withdrawals now taking place from Peking, any large movement will be made along the line seems doubtful. But as Pao-ting-fu is about the same distance from Tientsin, we should in any case shortly hear of its being made the objective of a definite advance.

Meanwhile the Russian and American Generals have been making arrangements for the withdrawal of the bulk of their forces from Peking, thereby creating a not altogether pleasant sensation among the remainder of the contingents. Among recent despatches is one announcing the arrival at Peking of General Richardson with the 16th Bengal Lancers. On his way up the General had posted the 3rd Bombay Cavalry along the line of communications.

SOUTH AFRICA.

The occupation of Komati Poort has been followed by a pleasant succession of satisfactory happenings, including some notable captures of guns and rolling-stock. In the Crocodile River at Hector Spruit were found some of the most up-to-date guns which the Boers possessed, and on Sept. 26 General Campbell, commanding one of Rundle's brigades, recovered one of the guns belonging to No. 10 Mountain Battery which were lost at Nicholson's Nek. The quantity of rolling-stock, too, which has fallen into our hands since the occupation of Komati Poort has been enormous. On the Selati line alone the vehicles extended for eight miles, and most of them were in good condition. On Saturday last it was stated in a telegram from Lorenzo Marques that the temporary bridges on the railway having been repaired, enormous stores of provisions were being forwarded daily to Johannesburg, to which the line was now open.

On Sept. 28 a grand review of the troops at Komati Poort was held in honour of the birthday of the King of Portugal. A number of Portuguese officers were present, and expressed unbounded admiration of the spectacle. They appear to have been specially struck with the appearance of the Guards Brigade, who, true to their traditions, turned out remarkably smart and clean, in spite of the rough-and-tumble work they have been constantly engaged on for many months past.

There has been some desultory fighting, including a determined Boer attack upon Paget at Diennars River Station, which was sharply repulsed. But the Boer resistance is utterly broken, and the reoccupation of a number of important points by strong bodies of British is rendering the position of the few hostile forces still in the field highly precarious. The only Boer concentration of any importance appears to be in the neighbourhood of Pietersburg, which is the terminus of a line running northward from Pretoria. Here Baron Vorster, who was member for Zoutpansberg in the Volksraad, has constituted himself Chief of the Government, and General Botha is said to be marching to join him with 2000 men. But the country is unhealthy, and the Boers are said to be both half-hearted and badly supplied with munitions of war. De Wet was recently reported near Kopjes Station with 900 men and three guns, and Colonels Dalgety and De Lisle were endeavouring to surround him. General Hunter continues his operations in the Orange River Colony with a view to keeping the marauding bands of the enemy constantly on the move, and from day to day there are indications that the enemy are finding the process more and more harassing.

Among other interesting items is the return from Pretoria of the Royal Canadian Regiment and of the City Imperial Volunteers. Both corps have well earned the magnificent reception they will undoubtedly receive in Canada and London respectively. Lord Roberts has been selected to succeed Lord Wolseley as Commander-in-Chief of the Army; and General Baden-Powell has taken over command of the police in the conquered territories, a force intended ultimately to be 12,000 strong.

M.P.'S AND SPORT.

When, in the beginning of the year, the Parliamentary representation of the University of London fell vacant, a candidate was recommended to the constituents on the ground that he was a cricketer. The qualification sounded novel, but a sporting contemporary was ready with an ancient parallel. One of the discoveries at Pompeii, it seems, was an election bill in which Aulus Vettius, who was running for the aedileship, appealed for the votes and interests of the *pilicrepi*, or ball-players. There might be worse ways of electing representatives than these cases suggest. There could not be, of course, any more sporting. Mr. Arthur Balfour and Mr. Asquith contesting a burgh seat on the local golf-ground would be a spectacle to delight the heart of every enfranchised Englishman. And, again, how happy the party in a county constituency who had the running of, say, Mr. Gilbert Jessop!

In indirect ways, the sporting proclivities of politicians enhance their popularity. Did not the straw in his mouth (though, to be sure, he never wore it save in the pages of *Punch*) endear Pam to the multitude? The House of Commons has always been a very sporting assembly. It is true, it no longer adjourns for the Derby. But its sessions are still fixed to suit the convenience of sportsmen among its members. It aims at rising by the Twelfth of August, when grouse-shooting begins, and it takes a hunting holiday in the autumn. Shooting, hunting, and racing were the chief pursuits of the politicians of an older day. Palmerston shot and rode to a ripe old age. He preserved game, trained horses, was a member of the Jockey Club, and won the Cesarewitch with Ilione in 1841. Lord John Russell was a constant, though apparently not a very good shot. He wrote somewhere that in his youth he started to keep a game-book, but gave it up because in three days full of opportunities he killed one hare only. But he killed his boar at Coburg, when he accompanied the Queen and the Prince Consort there in 1860, and he was said to be the first Prime Minister to shoot a deer. That was in 1849, at Balmoral, to which the royal family had paid their first visit in the previous autumn. The Highlands were then attracting the notice of Southern sportsmen. Earl Malmesbury dates the fashion of having shooting quarters there from about 1833. In that year he was offered for £25 a shooting in the far North the sporting rights of which now bring over £2000. Lord Derby, again, brought to sport the impetuosity which marked everything that he did. He was keen on the Turf, and an extensive and successful preserver of game at Knowsley. Disraeli was not an ardent sportsman, though there is a sense in which he was the most sporting of statesmen. In one of his letters from Southend he describes himself as hunting with Sir Henry Smythe's hounds, and "though not in pink, was the best-mounted man in the field, riding an Arabian mare, which I nearly killed: a run of thirty miles, and I stopped at nothing." We are told in the "Life of Lord George Bentinck" that Disraeli had a half-share in Lord George's filly Kitten, which was the daughter of Bay Middleton, the winner of the Derby, and Pussy, the winner of the Oaks, and did nothing to justify her pedigree. But the biographer states his conviction that he cared nothing for the Turf, and only showed an interest in Lord George's horses in order to entice their owner into political life.

Racing, hunting, and shooting are not so markedly the recreations of the younger generation of politicians. There is Lord Rosebery, it is true, who is not only a successful racing-man, but a good and quick shot. We have it on the authority of Mr. G. W. Smalley that once at Mentmore, with two loaders, he killed to his own gun 634 rabbits in a little over three hours. But Lord Rosebery is rather an exception among recent statesmen. Neither Lord Salisbury nor Mr. Gladstone is thought of as a sportsman. Sir Stafford Northcote, though he was a good rider to hounds, had too poor eyesight to be a good shot. In his "Life of Mr. W. H. Smith" (who did his duty as a country gentleman by preserving for his friends), Sir Herbert Maxwell tells how once at a country-house after breakfast his host asked Sir Stafford, "Do you shoot?" "Intransitively, I do," was the answer. But Mr. Fawcett, in spite of total blindness, skated, rode, and fished for salmon. John Bright was a fisherman, as all the world knows, and—more surprising—he was rather strong in billiards, a game in which, we are told, Palmerston "fluked" as greatly as, according to his opponents, he did in his statesmanship. Angling and golf would seem to be the chief recreations of the politicians nowadays. Sir Edward Grey, who is also a champion of tennis (not lawn-tennis), is an expert fly-fisher, and has written a book on the craft that is worthy to rank after Izaak Walton's. Golf would appear to be Mr. Asquith's sole relaxation; and as for Mr. Balfour, his clubs are likely to go down to posterity with Gladstone's collars, Pam's straw, Mr. Chamberlain's eyeglass, and Lord John Russell's schoolboy jacket.

Now that cricket, angling, cycling, and other summer pastimes are the vogue, and the Commons contain a larger number of men to whom summer is a more convenient holiday season, there is a movement to have the House rise in July, to meet again in autumn session. That proposal was made fifty years ago, but Lord Palmerston laughed it out by droll arguments about the House being full of draughts in the autumn, and full of coughing, and the like. Since then a Select Committee on the Business of the House reported in 1871 in favour of the change, which had the strong support of Disraeli; and in 1890 Sir George Trevelyan's motion to the same effect was rejected by only four votes. As a matter of fact, of recent years the House has not been able as a rule to finish its business by Aug. 12, and it seems likely that before long it will follow the example of all the other Parliaments in the world by flying to the country before summer arrives.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE WEDDING GUEST," AT THE GARRICK.

The first act of Mr. Barrie's thesis-play, "The Wedding Guest," instead of explaining why "the other woman" left the hero—she loves him, he is remembered, and he has not yet reached a point in his profession at which their free union might have imperilled his success—merely presents the picturesque details of his wedding with an innocent young Scotch girl. And the second and third acts lead no individualising touches to the characters of the principal persons, which are presented almost *in vacuo*; afford no striking emotional scenes, if we omit the declamatory outbursts assigned to the unwedded woman; and, despite the melodramatic conflict of impulses, in which the man and the two women are involved, lead to no real climax of dramatic effect. All you obtain are two proposals for the arrangement of the triangular situation made by the mistress prior to her old lover's revelation of the truth, three proposals made by the wife subsequently, and the remorse of the husband, manifested by his offering no suggestions and by his appearing wretchedly uncomfortable. The mistress proposes first a double establishment and then her own silent departure; while the wife, after throwing off her wedding-ring, offering to establish the other woman in Australia, and proposing to adopt her child, finally agrees to be reconciled to her husband, and to let her rival retire unsatisfied. Unfortunately the actors at the Garrick Theatre do nothing to render interesting this succession of arid discussions.

"THE LACKEY'S CARNIVAL," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S. The "modern London life," which Mr. H. A. Jones claims to represent in his new Duke of York's comedy, "The Lackey's Carnival," is more like that depicted in a penny novelette than that known to average experience. A jealous husband who can suspect his wife of conducting an intrigue with the family valet; a refined girl who could mistake for a man of breeding a vulgar and—as it proves—blackmailing lackey—such characters, to say nothing of the caddish sham-gentleman himself, have but the smallest semblance of plausibility. But, indeed, there is scarcely a reputable or pleasing figure in Mr. Jones's sordid society drama; and even his kit-kats of the servants, however smartly detailed, are so consistently ugly and unflattering as to seem a mere collection of caricatures. Still, "The Lackey's Carnival," and especially that section of it which shows the grand ball and supper given by the valet in his master's absence and interrupted by the family's theatrical return, has the supreme merit of being riotously funny (the play can only succeed by its force), while the passionate love-scenes of husband and wife culminate in a very strenuous and touching climax. Herein both Mr. Herbert Waring and a new leading lady, Miss Wynne Mathison, act with a force and a tact equally welcome. But nothing can render the discomfited lackey in any degree convincing.

"JIM BELMONT" AND OTHER SUBURBAN PRODUCTIONS. This week the suburban theatres can claim first nights of their own. At Kennington, Miss Marion Terry and Mr. T. B. Thalberg, recent Criterion associates, revived on Monday evening that famous St. James's success, "Lady Windermere's Fan," and promised last night a production of Dr. Todhunter's version of Schiller's Queen of Scots drama. Meantime, another outlying playhouse, the Metropole, has introduced to the public a teacup-and-saucer comedy of Mrs. Oscar Beringer's, entitled "Jim Belmont." The titular heroine is a music-hall heroine who befriends a broken-down baronet, turned scene-shifter, marries him at the moment when his fortune turns, and finds herself totally unsuited to the rôle of country hostess. Believing her husband to be in love with a dashing widow who has formerly been his ruin, and anxious to rid him of an uncomfortable wife, she plies him with taunts until he strikes her in exasperation, and—discovers for her his real affection. The whole (Robertsonian) sentiment of the play is radically false, as the wife-beating episode might prove, the music-hall scenes are a quaint mixture of idealistic and realistic representation, and "Jim Belmont's" only value consists in its supplying Miss Esmé Beringer as a new kind of Polly Eccles, and Mr. Edmund Maurice as the rather wooden and foolish hero, with some fairly agreeable acting opportunities.

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Brilliant Realisation of the House, Life, and Pastimes of the WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS. LAST WEEKS. LAST WEEKS. LAST WEEKS. LAST WEEKS. Wet or Dry, Acres of Cover, Woman's Exhibition, Earl's Court.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.—Managing-Director, Arthur Collins. Every Evening, at 7.30, a New and Original Drama of Modern Life, "THE PRICE OF PEACE," by Cecil Raleigh, with Powerful Cast. Matinees every Wednesday and Saturday, at 1.30. Box-office now open.

THE LONDON HIPPODROME,

CRANBURN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C. Managing Director, MR. H. E. MOSS. TWICE DAILY at 2 and 8 p.m. AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

MOHAWK AND MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS, ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. New Arrangement, 100 Performances Weekly. Six Nights at 8. Four Matinees at 5 (Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday). Prices, 3s., 2s., and 1s. Agricultural Hall Performances discontinued for the present.

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the name of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE QUEEN IN THE HIGHLANDS.

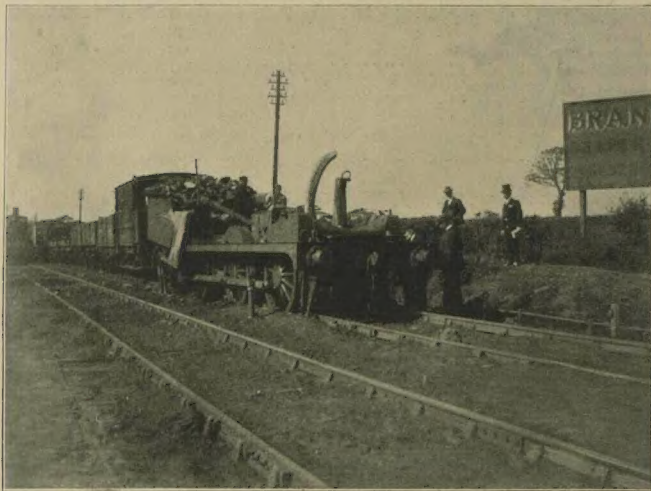
Though the Queen cannot any longer roam about Balmoral as of old, or climb on sure-footed ponies the heights celebrated by Byron as "Dark Lochnagar," her drives are nearly as long and numerous as ever they were. The cottages of the surrounding peasantry no longer welcome her to their neat interiors—interiors all the neater for the very reason that a royal visitation might any day be made to them; but still the Queen's horses draw up at the humble homesteads, and the Queen's men alight and summon the cottager to come out and do the honours

agreeable in the House of Commons, and so is his voice. But he found Mr. Balfour's comrade, "the man in the street," a more difficult personage to pacify than even the Service members of the House of Commons. The young Cabinet Minister in embryo, who has defended the War Office time and again before an exasperated House of Commons, and poured the oil of his eloquence on the most troubled waters of debate, failed in Battersea to gain a hearing. In vain did Mr. Thornton, chairman of the meeting, deprecate clamour; in vain did Mr. Wyndham coax and in vain reproach. Gymnastic exercise remained. To hear one eager questioner Mr. Wyndham knelt down; to make a diversion he leapt over into the body of the hall. Personal bravery was not lacking; and the exhibition of it is generally a sure passport to

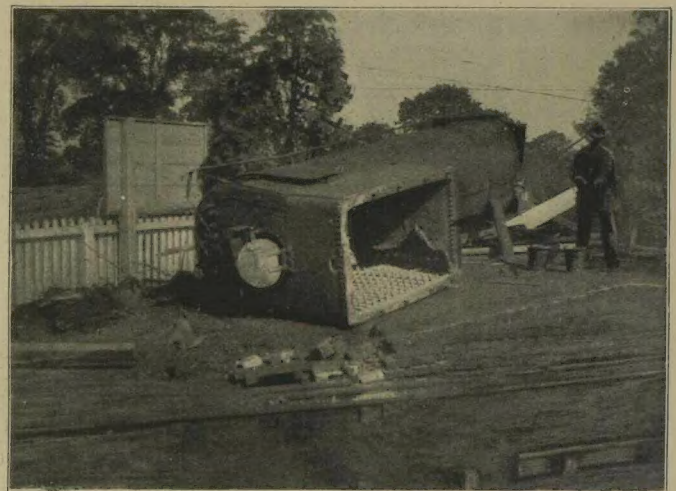
letter to Lord Rosebery's little political note-of-hand to Captain Hedworth Lambton. All the more welcome to him, therefore, must have been his brief visit to the football field at Manchester last Saturday afternoon, when he kicked off the ball—a distance of some twenty yards—in the match against Stoke. The game of politics and the game of football have few points in common; but there are persons who regard Mr. Balfour's popularity on the football field as doing no disservice to his electoral campaign.

THE WESTERFIELD EXPLOSION.

A railway-engine explosion, resulting in the loss of two lives, occurred the other morning at Westerfield, near Ipswich, on the Great Eastern Railway. A goods train,



THE WRECK OF THE ENGINE.



THE BOILER, HURLED FORTY YARDS BY THE FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION.

THE EXPLOSION OF AN ENGINE-BOILER AT WESTERFIELD, NEAR IPSWICH.

Photographs by Harkell, Ipswich.

in the open. During one of the first autumns the Queen spent at Balmoral she had with her the Duchess of Kent, her aged mother. Nothing pleased the mother more than to see her daughter find out the old women of the cottages and supply them with little gifts that made them not only better off, but particularly proud of the attention paid to them. In this cottage is an armchair sent by the Queen to a sufferer from rheumatism; and in that is an ornament bought by her Majesty in Florence. At this season of the year the time draws near when farewells have to be said. In the "Journals" of the Queen these things have a simple record. The people, too, tell of her visits in their own way. "One of the men came to the door," says one such narrative, "and told my grandmother the Queen wished to see her. My grandmother was washing, and she wiped her hands and went around to where the Queen was waiting. The Queen said: 'I have come to say good-bye to you, and I hope you will have a comfortable winter, and keep well till I come back.'" Such a scene it is that has given our Artist material for his Illustration.

THE GENERAL ELECTION.

Mr. George Wyndham, whose seat at Dover nobody tried to upset, has consequently had a little spare energy for the humours of electioneering elsewhere. At Battersea, where he went to speak for Mr. Garton, the opponent of Mr. John Burns, he got all he bargained for in the way of a battle of tongues. Mr. Wyndham has a "pleasant presence," to quote a personal phrase consecrated to Parliamentary usage by Mr. Disraeli, who applied it long ago to a Conservative member now dead. His figure is always

the sympathies of the crowd. But the Battersea crowd of Mr. Burns's friends was inexorable.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had the chance to say his say on Saturday night at St. James's Hall. "No admission but by ticket" was the dismal but necessary motto of the evening. A good many places were empty; but, on the other hand, the speaker was heard, and no chairs or heads were broken. Dr. Collins, L.C.C., presided on the platform, where Mr. Passmore Edwards also had a place. Very far removed from St. James's Hall dignities was the rostrum of Mr. Benson Lee, the Liberal candidate, addressing an open-air meeting in Central Finsbury. At least the little boy and the little girl, born a little Liberal or a little Conservative, gets a chance of taking part in the fun when the meeting is held out of doors, under true-blue skies. Tickets do not come their way; and at open meetings stern janitors are apt, even in these days of triumphant youth, to bar the entrance of such obvious members of the non-electorate. The Young England Party was never quite so young as that. Back to decorum of enclosed walls and attentive hearers we get with Mr. Chamberlain at the Opera House, Coventry, and with Mr. Burdett-Coutts, whose seat in Westminster has been made of late something of a judgment-seat from the decisions of which the Army Medical Service has made appeal to the jury now on commission.

MR. BALFOUR IN THE FIELD.

Mr. Balfour has been busy this week. He has his candidature in East Manchester to prosecute; he had to answer querists on the Church Question, and to write a counter-

bound for Yarmouth, was waiting for the signals to allow it to proceed when, without warning, the explosion occurred. The boiler, firebox, and smoke-stack of the locomotive were hurled nearly forty yards away, the first striking the permanent way, displacing the metals, and then rebounding to a small hut, which was totally wrecked. Police-Constable Goodwin, who was in the hut, had a marvellous escape. Both the driver, Barnard, and the fireman, Macdonald, were killed outright, their bodies being thrown some forty yards away from the engine. A porter and a platelayer had a narrow escape, the boiler flying over their heads.

THE TEXAS HURRICANE.

The further Illustrations of the Galveston disaster published to-day will, unfortunately, confirm the impression produced by those already given of its appalling magnitude. Never before, perhaps, did wind and water do their work with a thoroughness so minute. "Man marks the earth with ruin," but not at Galveston. There, indeed, he has now assigned to him the task of a restorer. The funds for the surviving and despoiled sufferers, already in good progress, are about to be supplemented by methods only brought into play with success when the popular heart is touched. This is the entertainment to be given in aid of the fund on Tuesday, Oct. 16, at Drury Lane, under the auspices of Sir Henry Irving, where the attractions include a presentation of the second act of "A Debt of Honour," by Mr. George Alexander and his company; and where Mr. Beerbohm Tree will be seen in an act of "Julius Caesar," and Mr. Charles Wyndham in the third act of "David Garrick."



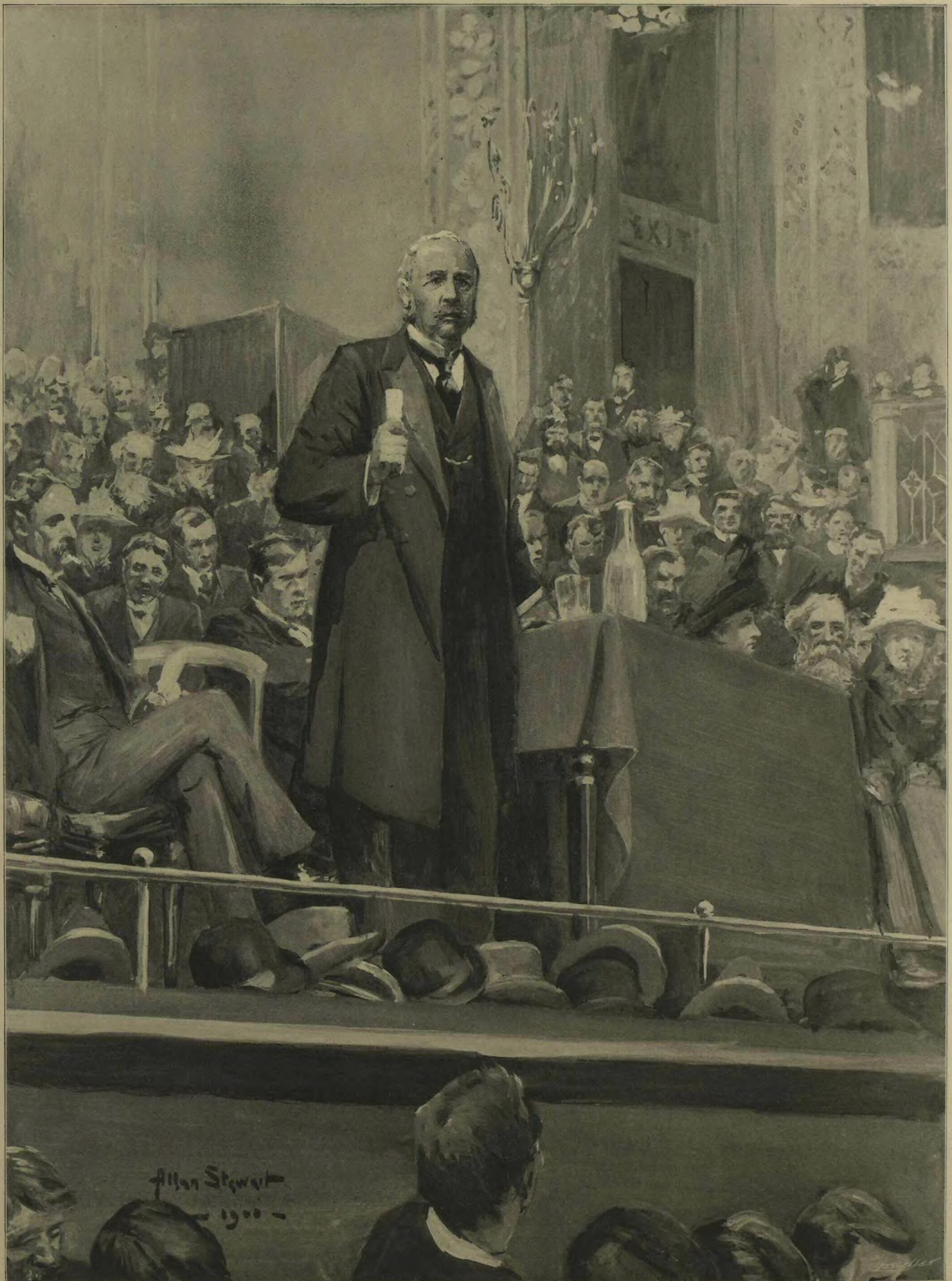
MR. AND MISS BALFOUR BEING INTRODUCED TO THE CHAIRMAN OF THE MANCHESTER CITY FOOTBALL CLUB.



THE KICK-OFF: MR. BALFOUR BEING SHOWN IN WHICH DIRECTION TO SEND THE BALL.

MR. BALFOUR AT THE MANCHESTER CITY * STOKE FOOTBALL MATCH.

Photographs by Banks.



THE GENERAL ELECTION: SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN AT ST. JAMES'S HALL ON SEPTEMBER 29.

Drawn by Allan Stewart.

PERSONAL.

The names of absent military commanders have been somewhat superfluously imported into the war of politics at home. General Sir James Hills-Johnes, in urging the electors of Swansea to oppose Sir George Newnes, quoted his friend, Lord Roberts, as desiring the return of the Unionists. Cables to Lord Roberts ensued, and the reply, when it came, was issued by Sir George Newnes to the effect that General Hills-Johnes had no authority for his statement, and that Lord Roberts "always holds aloof from politics." Sir Redvers Buller's attitude is a little different. In Devonshire a Liberal cry of "Resent Buller's treatment" has been met by Lady Audrey Buller's presence on a Unionist platform, and her statement that her husband, if at home, would vote khaki.

The number of uncontested returns has been a mark of this General Election. Rochester had a Conservative majority of 479 at the last election, Cheltenham of 469, Hereford of 313, York of only 302, yet in all these places the Liberals made no attempt at conquest. All the more noteworthy is this pacific attitude when it is remembered that some of these constituencies have a reputation for fickleness, this roving propensity in politics being particularly the attribute of cathedral-towns.

Mr. H. E. Duke, Q.C., has been sent by Plymouth to augment the followers of Mr. Balfour. Plymouth, like



Photo. Heath, Plymouth.
MR. H. E. DUKE, Q.C.,
M.P. for Plymouth.

Portsmouth, is a place of many political vicissitudes. When another Queen's Counsel, Sir Edward Clarke, resigned his seat a few months ago, a Unionist, the Hon. Ivor Guest, was elected in his place unopposed. Mr. S. F. Mendl, a Liberal, shared the representation. But Mr. Mendl has now suffered defeat. Mr. Duke heading the poll with 6009 votes, Mr. Ivor Guest following with only four votes fewer, and Mr. Mendl making a third, 545 votes behind. Mr. Duke's gain of a seat in Plymouth defeats the expectation of political prophets, who had reckoned on the attitude of Sir Edward Clarke as rather a menace to the party to which, nevertheless, he still belongs. Born in 1855, Mr. Henry Edward Duke was called to the Bar at Gray's Inn just thirty years after. He joined the Western Circuit; took silk last year; and became Recorder of Devonport and Plymouth in 1897. He resigned the Recordership in order to contest the borough; and it has not disappointed him in his estimate of its belief in his power to make a career in Parliament.

Mr. Henniker Heaton, whom Canterbury has sent back to Westminster unopposed, has had, perhaps, a larger number of telegrams of congratulation than any other private member. Perhaps that is a little hard on the Telegraph service, as to which, no less than to the Postal service, Mr. Heaton's attitude is that of a reformer. These telegrams of jubilation were not all pleasure to Mr. Heaton. He knew that they cost the home-senders sixpence, whereas a threepenny telegram is part of his programme; and, worse still, he knew that the messages from the Antipodes had cost their senders fabulous sums, in his opinion superfluously charged. Imperial Penny Postage has been won; but a system of Imperial Cheap Telegrams has still to be the subject of the member for Canterbury's persistent pounding away. The final result is a foregone conclusion.

Mr. James Tynte Agg-Gardner, of Evesham House, Cheltenham, will be welcomed back to Parliament by



Photo. Russell.
MR. J. T. AGG-GARDNER,
M.P. for Cheltenham.

many friends and former colleagues on the Conservative side of the House. Born at Cheltenham in 1846, he was educated at Harrow and at Trinity College, Cambridge, and is a barrister-at-law. He contested his native town unsuccessfully before his return for it in 1874. In 1880 he had another defeat; but in 1885, 1886, and 1892 he had his successes. The interval in his Parliamentary life did not leave him idle, for

Lord Hopetoun, who has been banqueting in the North and has been banqueting in the South, is making all final arrangements for his departure to the Antipodes. The Governor-General of the Commonwealth has made the appointments to his staff, and these include the nomination of Captain the Hon. Claude Willoughby to be his Military Secretary. Lord and Lady Hopetoun left London on Thursday.

Mr. Evelyn Cecil, returned unopposed as Conservative member for Aston Manor, is the eldest son of Lord Eustace Cecil, son of the



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. EVELYN CECIL,
M.P. for Aston Manor.

second Marquis of Salisbury, and Gertrude Scott, daughter of the second Earl of Eldon. Born in 1865, and educated at Eton and New College, Oxford, he was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1889, and joined the Western Circuit. He has had five years of public service as a member of the London School Board, and a longer period of private service as secretary to the Prime Minister.

In 1898 he was returned to Parliament for East Herts; and in the same year he married Alicia Tyssen-Amherst, daughter of the first Lord Amherst of Hackney. He is a bookman in this sense—that he has written a volume on "Primogeniture; a Short History of its Development in Various Counties and its Practical Effect." The political clubs have been centres of great excitement this week. All day the tapes have been watched for uncontested returns, and far into the night eager groups have awaited telegrams giving the results of the pollings. There were great cheers at the National Liberal Club when the figures from Battersea and from Northampton showed that Mr. Burns and Mr. Labouchere had been returned by increased majorities; when Wolverhampton was found to be captured by Mr. Henry Norman, Swansea by Sir George Newnes, and Hastings by Mr. Freeman Thomas. On the other hand, the Carlton, a less demonstrative club, made its own manifestations of rejoicing when Mr. Winston Churchill was known to have carried Oldham, Mr. Birrell to have been defeated in the North-Eastern Division of Manchester, and the Hon. Martin Morris to have won a seat for the Unionists in Ireland. The fortunes and misfortunes of battle were distributed with a tolerably even hand, at any rate during the early days; and of great surprises there were none.

The termination of Lord Wolsley's tenure of office as Commander-in-Chief of the British Army is a great event



Photo. L. Sanger.
FIELD-MARSHAL RT. HON. VISCOUNT WOLSELEY,
Who is Resigning the Commandership-in-Chief
of the British Army.

which cannot be overshadowed by war news, or by the figures of election frays, or the accident that the succession lies with Field-Marshal Lord Roberts. "Our only General" was once a familiar phrase in reference to Lord Wolsley, used with a smile, but expressing nevertheless, the truth that in one campaign after another it was to his commanding abilities, to his unrivalled military judgment, and to his power

of imparting an unstinted confidence in his following that the country entrusted her fortunes. "Wolsley leads"—that was a sufficient talisman, as Sir William Butler once said, speaking for himself and for all that was most effective and capable in the Army of the Queen. Born in June, 1833, Garnet Joseph Wolsley entered the Army in 1852—the year of the death of another Commander-in-Chief—Wellington. The date was of good augury; and the young ensign got a medal in Burma when he had served a few months, and, soon after, a severe wound in the Crimea. He was at Lucknow, and he served in China in 1860. Seven years later he was Deputy Quartermaster-General in Canada, and when the Red River Expedition had to be undertaken Colonel Wolsley was selected for the task, and proved the wisdom of the choice. His command of the troops on the Gold Coast in 1873, during the war against the Ashantis, had its recognition in the thanks of Parliament and a grant of £25,000 for "courage, energy, and perseverance." His Governorships of Cyprus and of Natal; his commands in Egypt in 1882, and of the Gordon Relief Expedition; his Adjutant-Generalship, and finally his Command-in-Chief of the Forces—these are all land marks, not in his lifetime only, but in the history of his country, which will ever remember with gratitude his splendid services. Five years ago he became Field-Marshal, and had the grant of a Viscountcy with special remainder to his only daughter.

Lord Roberts, by returning from South Africa in advance of his troops, to take up the Commandership-in-Chief, will have one or two novel experiences. He will be denied, what must always be a pleasure to a victorious campaigner, a home-coming with his army. But when they do arrive he will have the rare pleasure of offering them an official welcome in the name of the Queen. No doubt, too, in any procession of the main body of soldiers arriving from the seat of war, Lord Roberts and his charger, though not the charger of the Jubilee, will have their place, or London will know the reason why.

The German Emperor has in past times been a guest at Lowther Castle. Now the Count von Wendel, the Emperor's Master of the Horse, is there. Lowther Castle is the show-place of Westmorland; and, great as its associations are with sport, it has also the literary interest of its connection with Wordsworth's name.

It is now decided that the Duke and Duchess of York are to reach Sydney in the third week in April. They will be away from England for several months, and their journeyings will be attended with some pomp and circumstance. Several of H.M.'s ships are likely to accompany them; and there is some talk of a tour round the world.

A Marquis of Hertford must be regarded as a benefactor, even if an involuntary one, of the British nation, which has become the owner of a collection of pictures, valued at some three millions, which, in the usual course of events, would have remained in the family's hands. The present Marquis of Hertford is now spoken of as the most favoured candidate for the post of Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen, vacated by the Earl of Clarendon on his promotion to be Lord Chamberlain. The duties attached to this berth in the Household are slight, and they carry a salary of £700 a year. If Lord Hertford desires the post, everybody will be glad that he should get it.

Mr. Matthew White Ridley's return for Stalybridge by a majority of eighty over his Liberal opponent, Mr. Cheetham, does not change the political representation of the town. His presence in Parliament, however, makes an interesting addition to the company of fathers and sons sitting together at Westminster. All the more convenient for the Home Secretary will be this son's return, because he holds the post of private secretary.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY,
M.P. for Stalybridge.

Born in 1874, he is the heir of Sir Matthew White Ridley, and is, on his mother's side, a grandson of the first Lord Wimborne. At Eton he showed abilities which were ripened at Balliol College, Oxford, where he took his degree of B.A. with honours.

There is to be a memorial to the late Lord Chief Justice; but the precise form of that approved by his family and his close friends has not been definitely decided upon. When a great man dies, his name is no doubt public property; and if it is conjured with here and there to raise subscriptions for local charities, nobody can be much the worse. But minor and more or less unauthorised efforts will not, in the case of Lord Russell of Killowen, be allowed to interfere with the perpetuation of his memory in some substantial form in the city which was the scene of his forensic triumphs, of his legislative and judicial labours. Now, as of old, a man has a monument more durable than of brass who never despaired of his country. Some men would do well to rest with that form of memorial in an age when monuments of stone or presentments in paint add little to the homage paid to the dead, and nothing at all to the gaiety of nations. The fact that Lord Russell of Killowen sat twice to Mr. Sargent, R.A., at the end of his life gives hope, however, of some further association by which the disappointment commonly attending the setting-up of personal memorials may be very advantageously escaped.

Mr. Winston Churchill, who is well accustomed to the fortunes of war, could have borne defeat with a very good



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL,
M.P. for Oldham.

grace at Oldham, no doubt; and at least one London morning paper gave him the opportunity of reading the news of his exclusion from Parliament. By an early report he was supposed to be outvoted by two; but this was soon corrected into a decisive majority, given him by an electorate that gave a large majority to a Liberal at the last General Election. Mr. Churchill, who inherits much of his father's fighting quality, is the eldest son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill and of the lady now known as Mrs. George Cornwallis-West. Born in 1874, he was educated at Harrow and at Sandhurst; entered the Army in 1895; served as orderly-officer to Sir W. Lockhart with the Tirah Expeditionary Force, and was present at the battle of Khartoum, attached to the 21st Lancers. Mr. Winston Churchill, whose recent adventures as a special correspondent and otherwise in South Africa are well known, and have been made the subject of a volume from his pen, is author also of "The Story of the Malakand Field Force," and of "Savrola and the River War."

THE HURRICANE IN TEXAS: SCENES OF DEVASTATION IN GALVESTON.

From Photographs by a Correspondent.



THE LOWER END OF POST OFFICE STREET.



THE WEST SHORE.



THE EAST END.



THE CITY HALL.



THE RUINS IN MARKET STREET.



SCENE NEAR THE BATH-HOUSES.



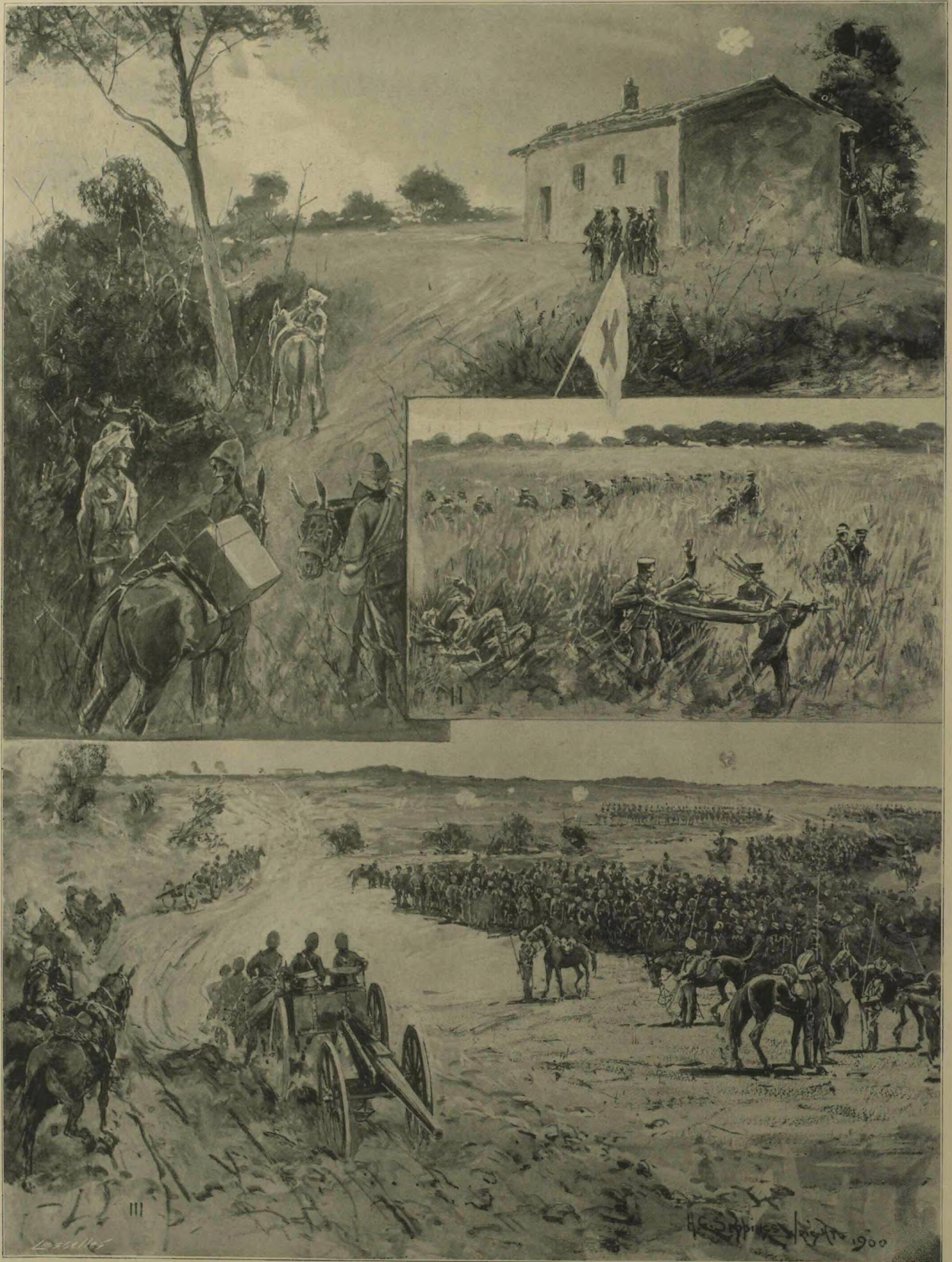
THE GULF COAST.



TENEMENT HOUSES ON THE GULF COAST.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA: WITH THE ALLIED FORCES TO PEKING.

From Sketches by Mr. Lionel Bampf.



1. The Opening of the Engagement at Peitsang. (The first few shells fired killed two Japanese and two horses.)

2. The Engagement at Peitsang: Wounded Japanese in a Cornfield.

3. The Commencement of the Action at Yangtsun.

Mrs Van Byl: A SILHOUETTE



ILLUSTRATED BY

A. FORESTIER.

"SAY, Mrs. Beaumont! I guess you are the oldest woman in this hotel."

The above somewhat startling "guess" was addressed to me by a sallow, eager-eyed individual, with whom I had a mere bowing acquaintance, and whose name, I dimly recalled, was "young Mr. Tunnycliffe." For a moment I was too astounded to find words. I merely laid my book flat down on my lap and stared at him fixedly, and I will say *this* much—that under my inspection he looked mightily discomfited and ill at ease. Then my gaze slowly wandered along the piazza, which was crowded with folk, standing, walking, sitting in rockers, reading, talking, or playing games. I noted the "Buds," the young married women, the elder girls over thirty, the matrons bordering on forty, and the melancholy truth struck me like a stab. I was the oldest woman in the hotel!

"And what if I am?" I asked severely, again surveying Mr. Tunnycliffe, whose embarrassment was very painful to witness, as he stood before me twisting his handkerchief into a sort of string.

"You've got a kind face," he blurted out, "and"—glancing at my black gown—"I reckon you have been through trouble."

Once again this daring young man was right. I had come to this the most renowned and beautiful health-resort in California, with its palace-like hotel and terraced flower-gardens, in order to rest and recuperate after months of anxious nursing, and a sore bereavement. I felt nerve-numbed and depressed, and I kept myself somewhat aloof from the gay chattering company which surrounded me, living with my own thoughts, and more or less in the past. I am naturally of a reserved and quiet character, and yet here was this young Mr. Tunnycliffe boldly climbing over all my barriers and appealing to my sorrows and my age!

"I want you to do something, Mrs. Beaumont," he continued.

"What is it?" I inquired tartly.

"To—well, I'm going to ask you a great favour. Will you just go up and do whatever you can for Mrs. Van Byl's husband?"

"Why, good land!" I cried, startled out of my composure. "I don't think you know what you are talking about! The woman's a widow—and no wonder!" As I spoke I looked down the verandah to where pretty Mrs. Van Byl, the giddiest of the whole company, was playing piquet with a Mr. Hirst, a florid person, who had plenty of dollars, but little or no character.

"She is not a widow *yet*," rejoined my companion significantly. "She soon will be—he is going fast."

"So is she," I exclaimed. "But you don't really mean that she has a sick husband in this very hotel?"

"You wouldn't suspect it, would you?" he asked bitterly. "Arthur Van Byl and I were college chums, and he is here in a terribly bad way. I'd go and sit with him if she'd let me, or if I'd be any mortal good—but a woman is best in a sick-room."

"His wife," I suggested gravely.

"Oh, his wife," he interrupted, "is neglecting him shamefully. It's perfectly pitiful to see him. There he lies most of the time alone, while she is away riding or driving with the fastest set in the place. She was out with Hirst yesterday from eleven o'clock till dinner-time, and never gave one thought to that poor sick fellow."

"Where are his relations?" I inquired. "Don't they know that he is very ill?"

"He hasn't got any except a half-brother. I'll tell you the whole story," announced Mr. Tunnycliffe, suddenly drawing up a chair and seating himself with his back to the company. "It's like this: Arthur's people were consumptive, and died young. His half-brother, Hans Van Byl, took him on, and educated him first-class. He is very rich—Van Byl's steel-works, you know. He gave Arthur a billet as travelling agent, and sent him West for his health. When he was at Nashville he came across her," jerking his head sideways. "She is, as you see, really handsome. Her name was Waffles—she was clerk in a shoe-store."

"Oh!" I ejaculated, for the Van Byls are people of good old family.

"Yes, he fell in love with her straight; and she got him on the hook, and kept him wriggling there a matter of two years. His brother was dancing mad at the notion of the match, and awfully set against it; but she's a smart girl, and carries things right through, and she married the poor fellow four months ago. Presently his old lung-trouble came back, and they travelled up here. —He has been in his room mostly ever since, but *she* is having a fairly good time."

"I don't see how I can interfere," I began.

"You'd see it all, plain as my hand, once you set eyes on him," he replied. "He is too good for this world, and he thinks she is an angel."

"Humph!" I exclaimed, "a ministering angel?"

"She's a heartless, wicked, shameless—there! She's going at last. If you would only cross the saloon, you'd catch her in the vestibule, and—oh, Mrs. Beaumont, you know what to say!"

"She may snub me, and tell me to mind my own affairs."

"No she won't. Please do—do come," he urged eagerly, "for I feel that I can't bear to think of him lying there, deserted and dying."

In the hall, as predicted, I came face to face with Mrs. Van Byl. She was a handsome young woman, beautifully dressed—and her clothes had the right set—tall and slender, with great, soft, cow-like eyes rather wide apart, an exquisite complexion, a pair of pouting lips the colour of red sealing-wax, and little even teeth, which she showed when she laughed.

She laughed continually; but as I came upon her, her expression was glum and fretful; her lips were pursed up, as if she were about to taste something unpleasant. She looked slightly surprised when I accosted her, and said: "I am sorry to hear your husband is so poorly; I am well experienced with invalids. I wonder if I could help you, Mrs. Van Byl?"

"I declare you are real kind," she exclaimed. "I don't make much of a show in a sick-room, I'll allow. I never calculated to turn nurse when I married," she added with a frankness that was astonishing. "I'm sure Arthur will be glad to have you sit with him a bit; he won't let me; he is afraid of my falling ill too, and says I must go out, and get the air and amuse myself, because I'm so young." (And I was the oldest woman in the hotel.) "I'm just going to give him his food now, if you'll come with me."

We were walking along passages all the time she was speaking. At last she opened the door of a room; such a mean, low room, one of the cheapest in the place, and bare of any invalid comforts or little luxuries. On a narrow bed lay a young man of two-and-twenty with very blue eyes—such bright truthful eyes—and a remarkably ingenuous expression. He was the mere wreck of a handsome youth: his features were wasted, the hectic colour on his sunken cheeks, and his painful struggles for breath too surely indicated that that shabby camp cot was his death-bed.

"I've brought Mrs. Beaumont to see you, Arty," explained his wife. "She's a capital hand at nursing, and will stay with you whilst I'm out riding."

"Oh, it's too kind of you!" he gasped in a weak voice. "Really I don't like to keep anyone shut up here. I make Lindy go out as much as possible. *She* must not get sick too, must she?" And his blue eyes dwelt upon her with a rapture that was simply pathetic.

"I'm so thirsty," he murmured; "that nigger never brought up my drink."

"Oh, well—I'll get it; but first of all, here is your food." And Mrs. Van Byl brought forward a bowl of half-cooked rice, a most unappetising dish! But she made the poor fellow get it down best way he could, and said, as she took the bowl from him: "I'll send you up the lemonade as I go past the office."

"I'd like some iced milk punch," he gasped. "The doctor said—"

"I don't care what he said," she interrupted; "it is not good for you, dear, and the doctor has not got to *pay* for it," and with a significant nod, bowl in hand, she stalked out, leaving me in sole charge of the sick-room.

"Poor girl!" exclaimed the invalid, "it's terribly hard on her; she is so young, and I broke down so soon. I cannot take her out riding or driving—yet— Oh, if I could only get rid of this awful feeling of emptiness in my chest, this restlessness and want of breath, I'd be as well as ever." And the optimism of the consumptive shone in his dark-blue eyes.

Presently I began to set the room to rights. I tidied away a torn dime novel, a fashion book, and a paper of candles. I fetched a fan, eau-de-Cologne, and oranges, and in the course of an hour the sick man and I had become like two old friends. He talked to me of his mother and his step-brother the millionaire, who had been so greatly set against his marriage, but who had never seen Lindy. Of course, if he had, it would be different. He talked long, eagerly, rapturously of her. What was the glamour that this bad woman had cast over this saintly man?

I left him, with her praises on his lips, her name fondly uttered by his rattling breath; it was seven o'clock, and she had not yet returned.

As time went on, Mrs. Van Byl became the scandal and byword of the hotel—and I became Mr. Van Byl's sick-nurse. In all the course of a fairly long life I never encountered any human being so superbly selfish, and absolutely indifferent to public opinion. She flirted, smoked, played stud-poker and billiards, enjoyed herself as exhaustively as if she were still Lindy Waffles, and had no poor, sick husband to claim her attention or to weary for her company. She knew that whatever the "old cats and frumps," as she called the other women, might say or think, in Arty's eyes she could do no wrong; and that a caress and a few endearing epithets made him ample amends for a whole day's cruel desertion. His was a lovely character; he was a true, sweet-tempered, unselfish boy, and I felt kind of drawn to him. When he got to know me pretty well he opened his mind to me, and in his heart I saw nothing but pure, good thoughts, and Lindy—Lindy transfigured by love. He told me all about his courtship and her constancy, of how vexed her people were when his brother would not acknowledge her, and how at first they had gotten the notion that *he* was the rich Van Byl. Instead of that he was poor, and this illness of his was a great and unlooked-for expense.

Personally, I could not see where the expenses came in. He had no doctor in attendance and no delicacies until I took him in hand; indeed, his wants were pitifully small. Such as they were, I gladly supplied them, telling him during lies, at which his wife winked—and for which may Heaven forgive me!

Young Mr. Tunnycliffe and I had more than one interesting private conference. He was exceedingly anxious to do his part, and blundered out an offer of "money."

"For I know he has been kept real short," he said; "and she, like Judas, keeps the purse."

"It's all right; he has everything he wants, I do assure you."

"Of course, I know you are a rich woman," he answered, "and spare nothing; but then I'm an old friend."

"Well, I'm old—and a friend," I retorted; "and you must just leave me to do all I can, for I consider it is a privilege to be his nurse."

dancers, and that this appeal which I was the instrument of making would secure the heartless wretch's future welfare.

Only once did I ever see Lindy not absolutely perfect in her husband's eyes. When I entered his room one afternoon I discovered Mrs. Van Byl figuring in a new black gown. An open box and paper wrappings lay scattered about the floor. As she stood before the glass, smoothing down the folds, she turned her head, and said to me—

"Look, Mrs. Beaumont, don't it fit just beautiful?"

I felt a shiver run through me as she spoke.

"Oh, Lindy!" he cried, in a tone of anguished remonstrance. "Don't do that to-day! I'll soon be gone, and you'll have plenty of time."

She had a beautiful figure, which the gown set off to perfection. "Now don't get worked up, you silly, silly boy," she protested airily; "it's only my winter frock." And as she stooped to gather up the paper and box I heard her mutter, "Black always *did* suit me!" and then disappeared with her belongings. One day he had been unusually weak and breathless. With all the power of his scanty strength he implored me to telegraph for his brother Hans.

"I do want to see him so badly before I go," he urged, "and he'll look after my poor Lindy."

When I despatched this summons, his one hope was to linger till Hans arrived. To please him I got all the railway-guides, and made out the journey, and the time, for his peace and satisfaction.

"Oh, I hope I won't go before he comes. Oh, Mrs. Beaumont, do you think I'll live two days?"

"Yes, yes, dear—certainly," I said, as I bade him good-night, and was relieved at my post by young Mr. Tunnycliffe. "And I'll come up and see you very first thing in the morning."

But when I came in the morning I found that the poor boy had passed away at daybreak. He could not wait. He looked quite beautiful as he lay there so calm and peaceful;

I never thought I should weep for anyone again, much less for the husband of that hateful Mrs. Van Byl; but one never knows what one may do. As I left the death-chamber I met young Tunnycliffe in the corridor with an armful of lilies—his eyes were red.

"A happy release," he said; "I was with him."

"Where is she?" I inquired sternly.

"Gone out walking with that beast Hirst. I hope she will be punished—somehow. Oh, she is a real bad one. Do you know that yesterday, when that poor soul was gasping out his last breath, she was playing billiards. She was real vexed because Arthur was not as well off as she expected—and so she made him pay."

"Well, he believed in her till the last, and I heard him implore her to go out of the room and take exercise. He was so afraid of seeing her break down."



"Say, Mrs. Beaumont: I guess you are the oldest woman in this hotel."

"It won't be long now, I suppose?" he faltered.

"No," I replied "but one never can tell; and he is so hopeful. He talks . . . what he will do when he gets better—next fall."

It was strange that I, who a few weeks previously was an absolute stranger to Arthur Van Byl, should be the one appointed to indicate—what he himself was the last to see—the approach of death. It was my hand that traced a letter to his brother at his dictation—a letter imploring him to take Lindy under his care, and to be kind to her for his sake. "Soon," he added, "you will love her for herself. She is the best, the truest, the most devoted of wives." As I set down these lying words and wrote this false character, my hand actually shook with the fury that consumed me; for I was aware that at that very moment the "best of wives" was whirling unwearily in the great saloon, the most reckless of a rowdy crew of

"Just the last thing he had to fear," scoffed his friend. "Anyhow, his brother is coming to-morrow, and he will, I suppose, make all arrangements."

The following afternoon Mrs. Van Byl, having received a wire, postponed a tête-à-tête drive, and retired to her own room, in order to assume both grief and crupe.

Immediately on his arrival, Hans Van Byl the millionaire was presented to me. He wore deep mourning, and looked rich, a solid man of fifty, with a heavy coarse face, and a pair of keen little eyes. I must admit that he appeared to feel the death of his brother, and when I handed him his last letter, I saw his thick under-lip tremble as he cast a glance over its contents.

"Will you take me to her?" he asked with some emotion, and I conducted him at once to Mrs. Van Byl's sitting-room. No French novels or playing-cards were here to be seen, but a beautiful, heart-broken creature, who received her wealthy kinsman with a tragic outburst of grief!

Oh, what an actress was lost to the stage in the person of Lindy Van Byl! She looked supremely lovely in tears, and her new black gown as distractingly alluring as she was superlatively heartless. I believe she complained bitterly of the hardness, cruelty, and want of sympathy of other women in the Hotel, and threw herself without reserve upon her dear one's relative for help and consolation. The remains of Arthur Van Byl were removed the next morning, in order to be interred with his own people; they were accompanied by his mourning widow, who, closely veiled, and leaning on the arm of her newly found protector, swept in her sable skirts through the entrance-hall, a most impressive and funereal spectacle. Little did the sadly deceived millionaire dream of the whispering groups, the watching, mocking eyes, the scornful grins and stares of Lindy's late associates, as he supported that inconsolable lady to the carriage which bore her away from their sight for ever.

Within a surprisingly short interval Mrs. Van Byl became Mrs. Van Byl for a second time, as the wife of her late husband's half-brother. He believes her to be the most tender-hearted of her sex, and I believe she is considered one of the smartest women in the States.

THE END.

The official announcement that "the Queen has been pleased to approve the appointment of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, V.C., to be Commander-in-Chief, in succession to Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley, K.P.," has, naturally enough, caused the greatest satisfaction. No more popular man could have been chosen to fill the post, especially as there are many Army reforms to carry out. The head of our army in South Africa was sixty-eight on Sept. 30, so his new position has come almost as a birthday-gift.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

If the Church Congress of 1900 has been in any way a failure, it was certainly not the fault of the Bishop of Newcastle, who worked incessantly both before and during the meetings. The northern capital was perhaps too far out of the way, but the turmoil of the General Election more than explains why only some 2500 tickets were sold, as compared with 5000 for the London Congress. There were many absentees amongst the leading men; none was more missed than Canon Gore. Curiously enough, the last Congress which Dr. Jacob (then secretary, not president) had the task of organising was held on the eve of the General Election of 1895.

As a Lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade, Mr. Talbot went through the campaign for the relief of Ladysmith, and fought at Vaal Krantz, Monto Cristo, and Pieters Hill. Enteric struck him down, and after a six weeks illness he was invalided home. He has spent the autumn with his family in Switzerland.

With the return of the harvest festival season we hear the usual complaints of the over-decoration of churches. A correspondent of the *Guardian* mentions that the church of Southwold, with its exquisitely painted fifteenth-century screen, was given over to "decorators," who employed their time in bedizenning this rare work of art with dripping greengrocery. It is surely not possible that a conglomeration of moss, earth, wire, thorn, and vegetables was allowed to remain in contact with these delicate paintings. In London, and in the country, there has been a tendency for some years to overdo the harvest festival, and persons who sit under a window-ledge are lucky if some unpleasant insect does not crawl upon them from its nest in the folds of a cabbage or cauliflower.

Dr. Gibson, the Vicar of Leeds, has complained that the Sunday evening concerts held during the summer on Woodhouse Moor and in Roundhay Park have seriously diminished the evening attendance at the churches. It is probable that next summer the Leeds clergy will make an effort to have these evening concerts abandoned, although they offer no opposition to open-air concerts on Sunday afternoon.

The Church Historical Society is fortunate in possessing so able a lecturer as Professor Collins, whose autumn addresses at St. Ann's, Manchester, will be resumed for the fourth time on Oct. 16. The subject of the first lecture will be "The Royal Supremacy." Professor Collins is a favourite with East London audiences, and sometimes addresses the working-men at Oxford House, Bethnal Green. I once heard him lecture there on the English Reformation, when an artisan asked some searching questions as to the character and conduct of Henry VIII. Professor Collins was the evening preacher at St. Saviour's, Southwark, at the commemoration of Bishop Lancelot Andrewes.

Several interesting ceremonies will take place at St. Saviour's during the autumn. The Feast of St. Michael and All Angels was chosen for the dedication of the window to the memory of John Bunyan, when Dean Farrar preached the sermon. In October Mr. Alfred Austin will unveil the Chaucer window, and other memorials are in course of preparation. When the new diocese of Southwark is formed, a cathedral church will be ready for it.

A chapel for daily worship has been consecrated by the Bishop of Rochester in the north aisle of the chancel at St. Mary's, Newington. This latest addition to the important church which owes its origin to the present Archbishop of York has been provided by the rector and his relatives in memory of Mrs. Palmer, wife of Canon Palmer, the successor of Dr. MacLagan.



The mourning widow, closely veiled, and leaning on the arm of her newly found protector, swept in her sable skirts through the entrance-hall.

Perhaps the best extempore address at the Congress was that of the Bishop of Ripon. His review of the Church's progress during the last half-century was described by those who heard it as masterly and eloquent, with a stirring ring and power which could not be reproduced in any written account.

The *Church Times* makes the definite announcement that next year's Congress will be held at Brighton. The reports in this paper of the proceedings at Newcastle were very full and excellent, extending last week to nearly forty columns.

Mr. Neville Talbot, son of the Bishop of Rochester, has fully recovered from the serious illness which overtook him in South Africa. In the *Diocesan Chronicle* for October the Bishop gives the latest news of his brave soldier-son.

T H E C R I S I S I N C H I N A .



THE FLEET OF THE POWERS OFF SHANGHAI.

One of the first two sketches sent from China by Mr. J. Schünberg, our Special Artist.



TROOPS DISEMBARKING AT SHANGHAI FROM THE TRANSPORT "DUKE OF PORTLAND."

THE CRISIS IN CHINA.



THE ESCAPE OF THE AMERICAN MISSIONARIES FROM THE "BOXERS": THE SAFE ARRIVAL AT THE RUSSIAN FRONTIER TOWN, KIAKTA.

A party of American missionaries who fled before the "Boxers" in June last has just reached Kiakta with a story to tell. The Rev. Mark Williams, one of these fugitives, had worked not less than thirty-four years under the auspices of the American Board of Missions. Another, the Rev. W. Sprague, was accompanied by his wife. The third was the Rev. J. H. Roberts, and there was also Miss V. C. Murdock, M.D. Towards the end of May, when things began to be very unsettled at Tung-Chow, and missionary-murder was in the air at Peking, the Kalgan magistrate told them to go further. After a night and a day's travel they reached Tautai, where a friendly old Mongol chief begged them to deprive him of their embarrassing presence. Two days later they reached Haraua, a Mongol encampment near the Gobi Desert, where they hoped to stay their flight; but there again the "move on"



THE REV. W. SPRAGUE. THE REV. M. WILLIAMS. THE REV. J. H. ROBERTS.

SOME OF THE AMERICAN MISSIONARIES WHO ESCAPED FROM THE "BOXERS."

Photograph by Webb.

was given by the official. A flight across the great Gobi Desert became inevitable. A caravan was got together a number of Swedes, some of whom had had terrible missionary experiences, augmenting the party. Twenty camels and nineteen horses, and six carts for the ladies and children, set out over the burning sand, with no water or green things by the way. The city of Urga, on the other side of the desert, was reached after more than a month's travel. The Russian Consul was a friend in need and in deed, for he gave the fugitives fourteen rooms at the Consulate. But only for three nights! With two thousand hostile Mongol soldiers at hand, he did not dare to extend his hospitality. The Russian frontier town of Kiakta was the goal gained at last; and after a little more life in caravans, the Siberian Railway gave the party the rest of a fortnight's journey to St. Petersburg.



AFTER THIRTY-TWO DAYS OF HARDSHIP IN THE GOBI DESERT: THE ENCAMPMENT OF THE AMERICAN MISSIONARIES AT KIAKTA, UNDER COSSACK GUARD.

Margaret Fairbairn (Miss Dorothea Baird). Paul Dugby (Mr. H. B. Irving).



Act I
The Wedding
Scene

ACT II

Kate Ommamey (Miss Violet Vanbrugh).

Mr. Fairbairn (Mr. Brandon Thomas). Meikle (Mr. A. E. George). Rev. Mr. Gibson (Mr. Henry Vibart).

"THE WEDDING GUEST," MR. J. M. BARRIE'S NEW PLAY AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

THE GENERAL ELECTION.



T H E G E N E R A L E L E C T I O N .



THE KHAKI CAMPAIGN: A SURRENDER

Drawn by Hal Hurst.



THE QUEEN IN THE HIGHLANDS: A VISIT FROM HER MAJESTY.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. S. Begg.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Autumn in Argyleshire with Rod and Gun. By the Hon. A. E. Gathorne Hardy. (London: Longmans, Green, 19s. 6d.)

The Attack on Peking. By A. B. Freeman-Mitford, C.B. (London: Macmillan, 6s.)

The Antarctic Regions. By Dr. Karl Fricker. A Translation by A. Sonnewaldsen. (London: Swan, Sonnenschein; New York: The Macmillan Company, 7s. 6d.)

Jezebel. By Richard Pryce. (London: Hutchinson, 6s.)

The Silent Gates: A Voyage into Prison. By Tuche Hopkins. (London: Hurst and Blackett, 6s.)

Reveries of a Cripple. (London: Fisher Unwin, 6s.)

Of Tantalus. By E. W. Hornung. (London: Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.)

The Hon. A. E. Gathorne Hardy has spent the last thirty autumns in Argyleshire with rod and gun; or if not in that county, in others north of the Tweed almost equally prolific of

many in Peking who believe that we had to pay an indemnity for leave to withdraw our troops, and that we are here only on sufferance." Here is a moral for to-day.

Mr. Sonnewaldsen's translation of Dr. Fricker's book appears at a fortunate hour. The Arctic regions have had their explorers without number. Work is still actively pursued there; the Duke of the Abruzzi has shown that Nansen has not said the last word; but the grim Antarctic district is yet an unknown land, faintly marked here and there by the labour of travellers, who have taken vessels into the silent land where dense clouds, denser icebergs, and floating fields of snow seem to defy the efforts of man. Captain Cook, Weddell, Biscoe, Wilkes, Ross, Dumont d'Urville—the list of names illustrious for research in the Antarctic regions is a short one; it will be doubled and trebled in the coming century. Progress in the lightly trodden fields of terrestrial magnetism, geology, and meteorology is checked by the natural barriers that protect the secrets

of the South Pole, and to battle with the elements we see expeditions on their way from England, Scotland, America, Germany, Belgium, and Australia. Explorers stand upon the threshold of a strange house of knowledge, in whose ice-barred chambers are many truths that will lead them to a better understanding of the world we live in, its ancient history and half developed or undiscovered properties. No intelligent man with a few leisure hours at his disposal can afford to be indifferent to the pursuit of knowledge so fascinating, so vital, and so hardly gained; and in Dr. Fricker's readable volume he may trace the story of the attempts from Amerigo Vespucci to Borchgrevink. The facts hitherto ascertained are epitomised, and there are chapters of high value upon the climate, ice, and flora and fauna of the Antarctic regions. An excellent chart and a large



THE OLD RIVER.

"Autumn in Argyleshire with Rod and Gun," by permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co.

number of illustrations make the work easily understood by people with an ordinary education. The author has succeeded in finding a path midway between pedantry and popularity. Dr. Fricker should succeed in his endeavour to stimulate the public interest in the little-known Antarctic region, and his task, so far as England and America are concerned, has been lightened by the able translator.

If the omens lie not, Mr. Pryce has done the thing that so rarely falls to the luck of the novelist: he has written a book that everybody praises. It so often happens that a book seems destined to please the whole fretful fraternity of critics. Two or three speak well of it, and then some discontented person rejects it altogether. But "Jezebel" ought to fare better, because it is that marvel in modern English fiction, a thoroughly live story. Everybody in it is a genuine human being. The great masters put the characters on the page, and then seem to leave them to act as their inborn vitality dictates. That is the illusion of "Jezebel." Mr. Pryce is not one of the great masters, but he has achieved this very considerable part of their art. Moreover, he has conceived an original and even audacious story, and made it as real to us as our own private affairs. It begins with a christening. The child of a peer is brought to the font by its father and mother, and to the horror of the mother, and the amazement of the parson and a considerable congregation, the name chosen for the unconscious infant by the father, and disclosed at the last moment, is Jezebel. Lord Dornal thinks his wife is false to him. It is an error; but after the frightful insult of an accusation so framed, and with such peculiar publicity, she elopes with the suspected lover, and is divorced. This is the pleasant piece of family history with which Jezebel begins her career, and Mr. Pryce shows how she conquers the stigma and turns it to glory, so that when she becomes a mother, her own little girl is christened Jezebel in a blaze of triumph, and Jezebel becomes the most honoured of the family names. This story of Jezebel will endear her to a multitude of readers as it has endeared her to one hard-nosed reviewer, who confesses freely that so human and captivating a figure of romance has seldom gladdened his tedious occupation.

Mr. Freeman-Mitford was attached to the Peking Legation in 1865, before railways or telegraphs had invaded China, before Russia was knocking at the gate, before Japan was a civilised Power. Yet his letters home have no taint of staleness: the Chinese character took thirty-five centuries to mould, and does not change in thirty-five years. The book is the most entertaining, to use the old-fashioned term, of any of the volumes called forth by recent events. The whole world read eagerly the other day a letter from a student-interpreter in Peking, and this volume preserves the fresh interest of a young Englishman's impressions of the Far East. The author has no illusions about the Chinese, and while he remains within the bounds of good taste, manages to convey delicately the truth that three-quarters of Chinese life cannot be discussed in London drawing-rooms. We are all too much inclined to look upon the Chinaman according to the relative seriousness of our temperaments as either a potential convert to Christianity or a telling figure in comic operas. After all, it appears that the average Chinese peasant is as far apart from the foreigner-baiting swarms of Peking as the good Norman farmer is from the riff-raff of Montmartre. There are many amusing incidents in the book, which we commend heartily. The author discusses political questions with real knowledge and mature judgment in a preface just written. It is interesting to see that in his old letters he says, "I believe that, politically speaking, the destruction of the Summer Palace was a mistake. It was necessary that some great reprisal should be made for the outrages committed by the Chinese; but the destruction should have taken place inside the city, and not twelve miles off, for so ignorant are the large body of Chinese of what passes outside their four walls that there are

many in Peking who believe that we had to pay an indemnity for leave to withdraw our troops, and that we are here only on sufferance." Here is a moral for to-day.

Mr. Tuche Hopkins has long cultivated an elegant taste in digresses, ancient and modern. His yarns about old French prisons are piquant to the connoisseur of dank walls and rusty fetters, and all the amiable devices with which arbitrary (or judicial) man has tormented his fellows in bygone ages. In "The Silent Gate" Mr. Hopkins has collected some short stories of modern English prison-life.

and they reproduce the prison atmosphere with such extraordinary fidelity that if we did not know Mr. Hopkins's career very well—so well as to be able to account for it every year for more than twenty years—we should be inclined to ask: "What was he in for? And how often?" These stories are all interesting, and some of them are well-nigh perfect, both in matter and treatment. "Miss Cullender's Lamb," for instance, is a gem. The "lamb" is a giantess named Bone, so far famed by the prison matron, Miss Cullender, that she leaves the prison with a prayer-book. When she returns, without the sacred companion, she is more inflammatory than ever, and there is no Miss Cullender to apply the soothing magic. Shut up in the dark cell of punishment, the intrepid Bone maintained her reputation—

An hour together she would run her head as a battering-ram against the concreted wall; and would spend an hour or two afterwards springing from the floor to the grating above and wrenching at the bars. She played football with her pint tin, and maintained a running comment on the game in bolted language. Punctually, once a day, she hanged herself in her laces, or a strip rent from her gown. Fresh bed-stuff must be passed into her every night, for in the morning she made ribbons of it. She rehearsed in her biggest voice memoirs of the matron, in which that overwrought and sober-sided woman was credited with about a dozen gallant pasts.

But this terrible creation is capable of a great and even heroic idea. Her heart is melted by a poor little countrified girl who is in for the manslaughter of her child, and is slowly dying. Only one thing can save her, and so Bone calmly announces that it was she, the "lamb," who committed the crime. This inspiration and its pathetic sequel are handled by Mr. Hopkins with quite triumphant art. Equally good is "Miss Pocket in B Wing," which displays even more signally than the other story Mr. Hopkins's startling intimacy with the prison life of the female criminal. Is it possible that in some other incarnation Mr. Hopkins was once an inmate of a place like B Wing?

Miss Crottie is too late. We have read all these Irish stories before, or stories so alike in spirit and treatment that "Neighbours" has the effect of tedious repetition. There is the faintest indication of character, there is very little humour, and when the peasants are made to talk they are too long-winded to be endured. Whether William Carleton exhausted the Irish peasantry as literary material we cannot say; but since Carleton nobody has contrived to extract any fresh ideas from this soil, with the possible exception of Mr. Shan Bullock. Miss Crottie has observed a good deal, and is infinitely painstaking, but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted?

"The Belle of Toorak" is a charming story. "Charming" is an epithet of easy application nowadays, so much so that one rather shrinks from applying it to a really creditable book. But no other adjective so well describes Mr. Hornung's latest novel. It does not profess to be a work of any profundity, to have any other object than that of whiling away an hour by an easy and agreeable narrative. On the other hand, while it eschews the subtle and the recondite, it does not fall into the hackneyed paths of impossible sensation. There were grounds for fearing at one time that Australian novels would concern themselves with nothing less thrilling than bushranging, "bailing-up," and the fiercely playful ways of bloodthirsty gold-diggers. Mr. Herbert Mellwaine and Mr. Hornung have altered all that. Mr. Mellwaine gives us serious studies of human character as seen under Australian conditions, and Mr. Hornung gives us pleasant



A SEAL-HAUNTED ISLAND.

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agreeable romances, sufficiently fresh and vivid in their bush setting to please and excite the English reader. Of these romances "The Belle of Toorak" is one of the best.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS.

The Third Salisbury Admin. station. 1895-1900. H. Whates. (Vacher and Sons, 1s.)

The Heart's Highway. Mary E. Wilkins. (John Murray, 6s.)

The Eugeny of Life. Charles Whibley. (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.)

Tongues of Conscience. Robert Hichens. (Methuen, 6s.)

Shakespeare's Predecessors in the English Drama. James Addington Symonds. (Methuen, 7s. 6d.)

Danvers Art. Franz Wickhoff. Edited and translated by Mrs. S. Arthur Strong, J.L.D. (Heinemann, 30s.)

Memoirs and Correspondence of Lord Playfair. Wemyss Reid. (Cassell, 7s. 6d.)

The Relief of Mafeking. Elson Young. (Methuen, 6s.)

Servants of Sin. J. Blomfield Burton. (Methuen, 6s.)

In Male Attire. Joseph Hutton. (Hutchinson, 6s.)



FRENCH SYMPATHY FOR EX-PRESIDENT KRUGER: THE INTERIOR OF THE TRANSVAAL PAVILION AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.

The bust of ex-President Kruger is duly smothered in floral wreaths and other marks of esteem. On the right is being displayed a fine collection of the finest and best of the French wine, beer, and spirits.



THE NEW CITY HALL AT CAPE TOWN: THE CEREMONY OF LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE BY THE MAYOR.

The foundation-stone was laid by the Mayor with Masonic honours in the presence of his Excellency Sir Alfred Milner.

Photo. supplied by Mr. E. Peters.

THE TREATMENT OF BOER PRISONERS AT ST. HELENA.

Photographs supplied by Lord Abinger.

THE BOER QUARTERS AT ST. HELENA.

Not many men are born observers of things. Even in times of peace this is the conclusion forced on all persons who undertake the professional sifting of evidence. It has been noticed that even a permanent feature—say the colour of Charlotte Brontë's eyes and of Rossetti's hair—has been variously described by one after another of their acquaintances. Of things in action, the diversity of view is naturally greater; and the vague observation of times of quiet is apt to become the far-wandering observation of times of stress. Throughout the war in South Africa this want of precision of seeing and recording has been illustrated over and over again, and not merely as to what actually took place in moments of excitement, such as

those passed upon Spion Kop, or as to what was last said to men about him by a gallant General leading a forlorn hope. Facts for which a calm consideration was possible take an equally different rendering at different hands; and no subject has been the sport of greater contrariety than that of the treatment of prisoners. What is happening on St. Helena has been a matter of record in our columns: the large-encampment made for the prisoners and the desire on everybody's part to give to all the Boers the British Government there detains as great a measure of liberty, each in his degree, as is given to General Cronje, who has his wife to share his captivity, and his

chaplain to point its moral. Yet still, in another place, the controversy has to be carried on against those who report that barbaric methods are enforced by Great Britain against her vanquished foes. History repeats itself; for St. Helena, early in the dying century, was the scene of similar accusations made against the guardians of Napoleon. Let it be admitted that the public sentiment of all nations was less generous than it now is towards the prisoners of war, whose lives, earlier yet, were held to be wholly forfeit. The advance of the world's ethics, if slow, is sure. Nor will that progress seem to have suffered any retarding check when the story of the Boer captivity at St. Helena comes to be candidly written.



ANOTHER PART OF THE BOER QUARTERS.

LADIES' PAGE.

Quite a feature of the elections is the number of ladies who are taking an active part in the contest—on both sides, however, so as to disprove the prophetic vision that used to disturb the late Admiral Maxse, of a "woman's party," a combination of all women on one side, upsetting the plans of poor men. Women naturally are acted upon by all the influences that affect their fathers and husbands, and, speaking generally, will consequently be found, as men are, on both sides of politics, and usually on the same side as their own family connections. How much personal circumstances affect political opinion is well known to an experienced election agent in the case of the men voters, and, of course, it is just the same with the women who have only their "influence," whatever that may be worth, to contribute to the decision. Though both the great political parties have in several elections past permitted and even invited the constant work of women as canvassers and speakers, there has never been one in which so many ladies, from one or another cause, have come forward openly to fight their husbands' battles. Lady Georgiana Curzon's expressed determination to represent Lord Curzon on all his platforms while he was detained at his dying father's bedside has been terminated by the decease of that peer, and the permanent succession of Lord Curzon to the title of Earl Howe. But Mrs. Swann has announced her intention to voice the views of her husband, who is not in health to speak much; Mrs. Seeley is to represent her husband, who is at the front; and Lady Eva Wyndham-Quin has written and issued an election address for her husband, who is also engaged in South Africa. Several other wives of officers at the front are practically conducting their husbands' contests. It is a fact not without a meaning, too, that canvassing is in nine cases out of ten, whether done by men or women, addressed to the wives of the electors.

In previous generations the wives of great statesmen have often been open and known factors in their husbands' policy. In the case of Lord Palmerston, in particular, the partnership of his brilliant wife in his political life was avowed, so that people communicated with her to get their views conveyed to him, just as if she had been his trusted private secretary or the Whip of his party. This and the almost equal personal interposition of Lady Derby and others in the politics of their day is often illustrated, amongst other sources, in Lord Malmesbury's "Memoirs of an ex-Minister"; while the Prince Consort once complained that Lord Palmerston actually allowed his "expressed opinions to be modified by after-conversation with his wife." As just an illustration: Lord Malmesbury (the Conservative Government's Minister for Foreign Affairs) mentions that "all sorts of stories" had been set going by his having been seen talking at a reception to Lady Palmerston: people thought this meant



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The handsome cup given by Sir Thomas Lipton to the New York Yacht Club was made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, and is an excellent example of the metal-worker's art. One of its principal features is an allegorical group representing Britannia and Columbia uniting in encouraging yacht-racing.

that, in certain contingencies, "we would engage ourselves to support Lord Palmerston" against his own rebels "during this session." There was an important political communication to be made to the lady! "Lady Palmerston expressed herself as being very grateful for the offer," but did not think the contingency would arise; nor did it. Lady Palmerston came of a political family, for she was Lord Melbourne's sister. There is no one like her to-day. Besides, conditions have changed. But Lady Gwendolen Cecil, Lady Jersey, Lady Ancester, Lady Westbury, and many others are actively interested in politics, and are doing all they can in the election.

Housewifery schools, such as I have urged the foundation of in this country, are not a novelty on the Continent, as I am reminded by an account sent to me of the attendance of the Queen of Saxony a few days ago at the opening festival of the new session of such a school that is under her patronage in her own country. Her Majesty went as a special token of her interest in the institution, as she is not going to any functions at present, in consequence of the recent shock of the death of her nephew by an accident. The school was founded several years ago, and is only one of many educational foundations in which the Queen has given great assistance. In Belgium, again, there are scattered all over the country "écoles ménagères," to which women of all ages are encouraged to go, and at which every sort of domestic work is taught, including mending the oldest of garments, and cooking into palatable nutriment the commonest and coarsest descriptions of food; but these, like our own domestic economy classes started by County Councils, are intended rather to prepare working-men's wives for their home duties than to give technical training for wage-earning in service. The special features of the scheme I urge are the direct industrial and wage-earning intention in view in arranging the course of lessons, these including teaching the manners and the cleanly habits of a good servant; and then the provision on loan of the cost of the necessary outfit for going to service. I do hope that among the many ladies who have written to me of their interest in the idea there may be someone who will devote herself to organising a practical trial of it.

I have repeatedly had the pleasure of suggesting plans that have been approved of and carried out by others having the necessary leisure and ability. The chief instance was the Women's Jubilee Tribute to the Queen, first suggested by me in these columns. As we all know, her Majesty decided to devote the amount to the foundation of a nursing order for the poor. Well, I have just been watching a case illustrative of the unspeakable value of the work done by the Queen Victoria Jubilee nurses. A poor lady (the great-granddaughter of a peer, indeed, though quite poor) was attacked by cancer some six years ago. An operation skilfully and kindly performed gratuitously by Dr. Mary Scharlieb then saved the life but about a year ago partial paralysis, arising from the same cause, attacked the poor thing, and ever since she has been unable to move alone. She has just died, after protracted suffering, in which I know not what would have become of her but for the "Jubilee" nurse, who has assiduously attended to her in her own home twice daily, and given her every aid, and preserved her from every misery, that skilful nursing could affect. The periodical visits of the brilliantly handsome, strong, and cheerful young woman were in themselves a benediction to the poor sufferer, and the attentions the nurse rendered were invaluable. The good Queen may well be blessed wherever such aid is given, as it is to thousands of sufferers daily, in her name.

Gold absolutely must be introduced, sparingly but definitely, into your autumn costume, if you wish to be in

the "movement." Every day makes this more distinctly the particular "note" of the season. There need not and, indeed, should not be an obtrusive introduction of it—that is gaudy and vulgar; but there let the gold be, even if only in the shape of a narrow cord or buttons of the right kind. Velvet lightly embroidered with gold is a fashionable way of applying the trimming; and an edging of black fur on either side of a strapping of gold braid is also very chic. The use of black to trim all other tints and hues is to be continued. Add to the black a tiny line of gold, and your new gown will assuredly look all right.

With regard to the style of make, our Artist this week represents one of the very latest ideas of fashion—namely, the little coat with a tail. The tail is often seen much longer than those illustrated at the back, the front always remaining quite short. Perfect flatness is an essential of the fit of the tails over the back of the skirt. For such a bolero, therefore, the skirt should be laid in flat pleats at the back, to afford the needful smooth support. If the tailed coat be not adopted, however, but the still most fashionable short bolero cut off at or above the waist-line be adhered to, the skirt may be rather fully gathered at the back. In Paris I learn there is a little tendency to drape the skirts on the hips, but it has not arrived here. Paris gowns, too, are coming trimmed on the hips with clusters of ribbons having falling ends, with bands or crosswise tucks, with medallions of cord ending in tassels, with appliqué of *découpé* ornaments, and so on; but this little movement towards the panier will hardly be found general here as yet. Flat skirts, as shown in our Illustrations, are safe for the present. One of the little velvet coats depicted has collar and waistband of cloth appliqué, with vest strapped with velvet, and is worn with a toque of velvet trimmed with a band of embroidery. The other coat is edged with a band of tucké lace, behind which is a braided design; the front is of cloth fastened with important buttons; with this goes a hat of felt.

It is said that the new toques, wide in front and low at the back as they are, will necessitate the hair being dressed low in the neck, the flat crimped bands on the temples or the rolled-back Pompadour front, according to which is most becoming, being retained. The hair gives us a good deal of trouble very often in the autumn; it is given to imitate the leaf by falling. But the female head cannot consent to be left like the tree-trunks—bare of all adornment—and the wise woman has early recourse to a good tonic for the promotion and stimulating of the growth of her *chevelure*. Edwards' "Harlene" has many high testimonials to its value in this respect. Leading actresses famous for their beautiful hair, such as Mrs. Brown Potter and Miss Violet Vanbrugh, testify to its usefulness to themselves personally; while medical analysis by Dr. A. B. Griffiths, F.R.S.E., Lecturer on Chemistry to the Hairdressers' Guild, enables him to say as follows: "It is absolutely free from injurious substances; in fact, 'Harlene' is a first-class preparation. It stimulates the roots of the hair and restores its colour; consequently it is an invaluable remedy for baldness and other fungoid diseases of the hair. 'Harlene' is invaluable as a dressing." FLORENA.



A FASHIONABLE TOILETTE.

that he was trying to arrange with her Ladyship a coalition Ministry! But the fact was "I was deputed by Lord Derby and Disraeli to tell her" . . . certain intentions of the Conservatives towards the Liberals; and to promise her



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THE TARTAR GENERAL.

The Tartar General, who has the charge of the Manchu City and of all the Manchu troops, is a very great personage, and when he goes out to pay calls his cavalcade bears witness to his rank. In one of our illustrations he is to be seen in his travelling-chair, making his entry into the City of Canton,

named Amur is one; and from Korea by the Yalu and the Tumen. It is a country of great forests of oak, elm, walnut, and pine; and of wild beasts, bears, tigers, leopards, and panthers among the rest. Two of its rivers teem with salmon. Though the law administered is nominally the same as in China proper, the administration in Manchuria is essentially a military one. Perhaps the holding of nearly all the important civil posts by

more generous. The unity of this country and China dates from the eighth century; before that time it was subject to Korea. A large area, formerly belonging to Manchuria, is now incorporated with Siberia. The four or five millions of Tartars under Russian sway—a mixed race—derive their generic name from the Tata Mongols, who in the ninth century came from Gobi and invaded Russia. The Siberian Tartars are now



THE TARTAR GENERAL ENTERING CANTON.



THE TARTAR GENERAL'S BODYGUARD OF MANCHU TROOPS.

Photos supplied by Miss Stabel Lund.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA.

after crossing the French Bridge. Four coolies carry the chair, which is green in colour, surmounted by a gilt ball; and his runners run beside. His bodyguard of Manchu soldiers is shown in another illustration as they appeared when escorting their chief on his visits to the various Foreign Consuls. Manchuria consists of the three eastern provinces of China—a territory four times as large as Great Britain. It is divided from Russia by several well-known rivers, of which the lately much-

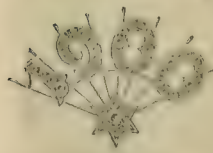
military officers is partly due to the rigours necessary to suppress brigandage. At any rate, it illustrates the importance of the Tartar General as the head of the Manchu forces. Ever since the enthronement of the Manchu dynasty at Peking in 1644, the Manchus have been drained off to military service in the capital. Altogether the Manchus are the favoured race; for in Manchuria wages are higher than they are elsewhere; better clothes are worn; and the diet is

mostly mixed with Finnish stems. The illustration of the Tartar General's bodyguard has an accidental interest, inasmuch as the war-ship seen in the distance is the *Don Juan of Austria*, belonging to the United States Navy. If it be asked what a ship so entitled has to do with the American Republic, the answer is easy: This vessel belonged to the Spanish Fleet, was captured at Manila, and has been refitted, but not renamed, for service under the Stars and Stripes.

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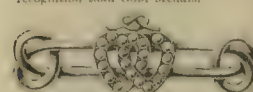
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LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT

CROCODILE RIVER.

The war now ending in South Africa is necessitating a good many changes in the nomenclature of makers of maps and compilers of gazetteers. The Crocodile River, hitherto described as running on the northern border of the Transvaal Republic, and forming the boundary between that territory and British South Africa, must henceforth be denominated a little differently. The river rises by several headwaters in the Maculiesbergen to the west of Pretoria, flowing northwards to form a boundary which will now no longer be a political, but only a geographical one. Through Gazaland it flows, shallowly in summer and with a rapid flood in winter, to the Indian Ocean, to the north of Delagoa Bay. Near at hand is Komati Poort, of which Lord Roberts makes mention in a telegram sent last Saturday from Pretoria: "Pole-Carew reports that to-day, being the birthday of the King of Portugal, he had a parade of all the troops at Komati Poort, and presented arms to the Portuguese flag." Lord Roberts himself also despatched a telegram to the King: "The British Army in South Africa wishes to offer to your Majesty its respectful congratulations on this happy day." The feeling of festivity and rejoicing spread over to Lorenzo Marques, where the British residents joined hands, so to say, with comrades over the border in rearing aloft the Union Jack. The Portuguese troops also were delighted; and the general high spirits of the camp were hardly dashed by a little railway collision, which inflicted many terrors on ladies, but no loss of life. Unfortunately last Monday brought a message that gives Komati Poort an association of disaster, for on that day an explosion, occurring during the destruction of some abandoned Boer ammunition east the Gordon Highlanders two lives, besides eighteen men injured. Had it been used in ordinary warfare by the enemy against us, it had been far less effective. That is one of the little ironies of war.

TWO NEW NOVELS.

Mr. Ernest Rhys has written a very nice story. It is perfectly well-bred, it deals with highly respectable adventures in some uncertain period of Welsh history, and it could not bring a blush even to the cheek that is readiest at blushing. Unluckily for Mr. Rhys, "The Whistling Maid" (Hutchinson) recalls "The Forest Lovers," and is

comparisons, for upon its own merits his story can be honestly recommended as a pleasing and quite harmless composition. People who have never read "The Forest Lovers" should read Mr. Rhys's romance first, and then turn to Mr. Maurice Hewlett, who will take the taste of maple syrup out of their mouths in double-quick time.

"The Dean's Apron" (Ward, Lock) is a story of life in a cathedral town, and the rivalries, jealousies, and heart-burnings which one has inevitably learned to associate with such a story all have their place within its pages. We are reminded of Mr. Punch's story of the shy curate who, breakfasting with his Bishop, lighted upon an egg of more than doubtful antiquity. "I fear," said his Lordship, "that your egg is not fresh." "No, no," cried the mild youth, "I can assure your Lordship that it is excellent—in parts!" "The Dean's Apron" is excellent—in parts. Perhaps some of its deficiencies should be set down to the fact that it is the product of collaboration (by the way, the name of the second writer is given variously as Burchett and Burchell on title-page and cover). But the plot itself is very slight, and is always being dragged in and thrust upon our notice. There are no surprises—for while on the one hand we are constantly asked to believe that certain of the characters behave in a very disgraceful way, on the very next page it is made sufficiently clear that they didn't—and wouldn't—act so. Still, this course has one advantage: all the wives and daughters of the various church dignitaries—and, alas

that it should be told! some of the dignitaries also—are thus set free to discuss the frailties of their neighbours without let or hindrance. Then a story nowadays must have a little spice, and to provide it some of the members of a theatrical company are introduced. Both the Dean and his young wife are well portrayed, and in a better setting might have made their mark. As it is, the book will probably attract very little notice, and will soon be forgotten. The illustrations are by Frances Ewan, and are, on the whole, pleasing.



THE CROCODILE RIVER AT KOMATI POORT.

Photo, Edwards, Lillchampion.

apparently a respectful Welsh variant of that remarkable tale. "The Forest Lovers" is full of flesh and blood, and is written with a virile strength that keeps the pulses throbbing. "The Whistling Maid" has about as much humanity as a powder-puff, and the style is suggestive of maple syrup. There is not a real man in the book, not even the Welsh paladin whose "favourite expletive" is 'Pat!' meaning "Rot!" That is the nearest approach to manly fibre we can find in Mr. Rhys's romance. It is a thousand pities that he should have provoked such

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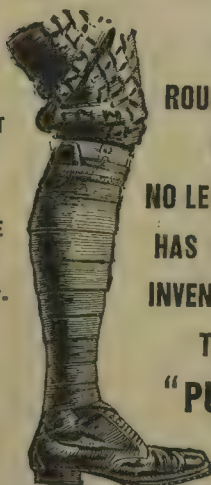
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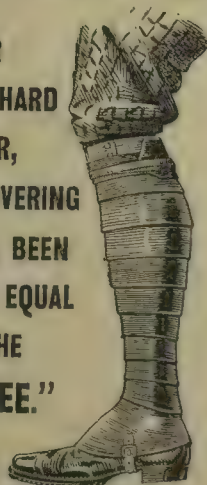
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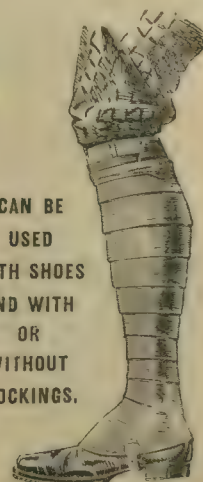
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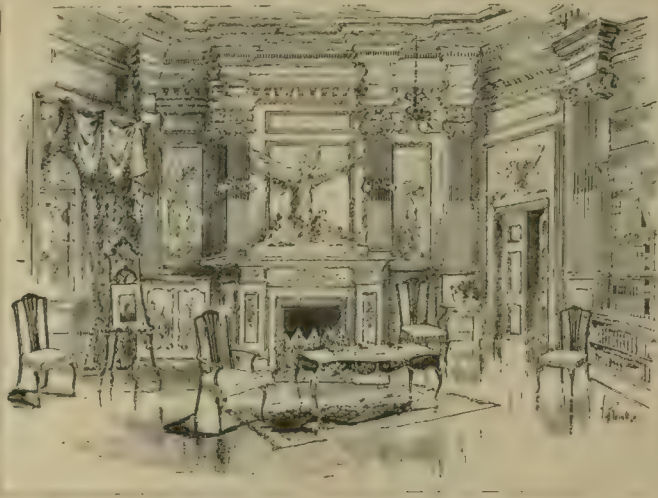
"THE PRICE OF PEACE."

Full of startling situations and marvellous mechanical effects and scenic beauties, the latest play at Drury Lane Theatre is also remarkable for the completeness and good taste with which the details of furnishing and equipment have been considered. Mr. Collins always taking care to have the right thing in the right place. In "The Price of Peace" two of the best scenes take place in the conservatory and the library in the mansion of the Earl of Derwent; and Messrs. Oetzmann and Co., the well-known firm of Hampstead Road, W., have furnished the one daintily and the other handsomely in quite the best taste. In the library there are some items, such as



MISS LETTICE FAIRFAX.

Who plays Lady Kathleen Rossmagh in "The Price of Peace."

**"THE PRICE OF PEACE" AT DRURY LANE: THE LIBRARY SCENE.—Act III., Sc. 2.**

the lull writing-table and the Vernis Martin cabinets, which are most imposing and beautiful, and even the purists who profess to believe that the only satisfactory method of presenting Shakspeare is to give nothing more realistic than a crudely painted back-cloth, would scarcely have the hardihood to deny that the intensely dramatic incident which takes place in Lord Derwent's room gains in effectiveness by the appropriate character of its setting. By the way, the same firm has also supplied the artistic furniture used in the new amusing play at the Vaudeville Theatre, called "Self and Lady," and are doing quite a large business with leading theatres in London and the provinces.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 7, 1891) of Mr. Henry Fraser Curwen, J.P., D.L., of Workington Hall, Cumberland, The Island, Windermere, and of Lincoln's Inn, who died at Pau on March 6, was proved on Sept. 21 by Mrs. Mary Ann Susan Curwen, the widow, and the Rev. John Wordsworth, the surviving executors, the value of the estate being £327,458. The testator devises all his manors, lands, and hereditaments in Cumberland to his son Edward

Edward Barry and Alan Delaney. The residue of his property is to be held upon like trusts as those of his Cumberland estates.

The will (dated Aug. 6, 1900) of Mr. Richard Bowerman West, J.P., of Streatham Hall, Exeter, who died on Aug. 8, was proved on Sept. 22 by Richard John Bowerman, Thomas Deane Eames, and Richard Thornton, the executors, the value of the estate being £441,831. The testator gives his estate at Ross, with the furniture and movables in the various lodges and £35,000, to his uncle Richard John Bowerman; the Cotley estate, the farms and lands at Staverton and Broadhempston, and £15,000, to his cousin Thomas Deane Eames; £5000 to Richard Thornton; £6000 to Sarah Elizabeth Eames; £5000 each to Maria, Alice, Kate, and Richard



MRS. CECIL RALEIGH.

Who plays Baroness Mandola Blanco in "The Price of Peace."

Darcy Curwen for life, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male, but charged with the payment of £500 per annum to his wife, and £20,000 as a portion for his younger children. The furniture and household effects at Workington Hall are to devolve as heirlooms therewith. He also devises his lands and premises in Lancaster and Westmorland to his wife, for life or widowhood, and then, upon trust, for his son Alan Delaney. Mr. Curwen bequeaths all his property at Pau and £600 to his wife; £200 to the Rev. John Wordsworth; and the policies of insurance on his life are to be realised and the proceeds invested and the income paid to his wife during her life, and then for his children, except his sons

Bowerman Eames; £2000 each to his godchildren; £10,000 to William A. Grant; and very many large legacies to servants. He also gives £50,000 to his executors for distribution among such national, local, or other charitable institutions as they may select, and such a sum as will satisfy the debt on the new Church of St. David's to the Rev. C. G. V. French. The residue of his property he bequeaths to his mother, Mrs. Sarah West, or in the event of her death in his lifetime, then to his aunt Mrs. Elizabeth Eames, and his uncle Richard John Bowerman, in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 10, 1898), with a codicil (dated Feb. 10, 1899), of Mr. Adolf Goerz, of the Manor House,

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St. John's Wood Park, and 20, Bishopsgate Street Within, who died on July 28, was proved on Sept. 26 by Norman Herbert Smith, the value of the estate being £97,291. Subject to a legacy of £30,000 and his furniture, jewels, etc., carriages and horses to Mrs. Maria Anna Angelica Buchardt, he leaves all his property, upon trust, as to one quarter thereof each for the children of his brothers Joseph and Fritz, and one half for general charitable and benevolent purposes at Mainz.

The will (dated July 29, 1889) of Mr. Jacob Weinberg, of Nottingham, merchant, who died on March 15, has been proved by Mrs. Yitta Levy, the daughter, Mehir Weinberg, the son, and James William McNaith, the executors, the value of the estate being £43,714. The testator gives £300 to his wife, and subject thereto leaves all his property, upon trust, for her, for life, and then between his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 25, 1900) of Mr. Richard Easton, of Rumwell House, Bishop's Hull, and Hammet Street, Taunton, Somerset, who died on March 7, was proved on Sept. 19 by John Sharp Channer, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £37,980. Subject to the legacy of £100 to his executor, the testator leaves all his property between his four sisters, Mary, Elizabeth Jean, Lucy, and Charlotte Anne.

The will, as contained in documents A and B, dated April 9, 1891, with a codicil (dated Dec. 1, 1892), of Mr. David Buchanan, of Northfield House, Rugby, in his day a well-known slow bowler, and who played for the All England Eleven, who died on May 30, was proved on Sept. 13 by Mrs. Anna Wyndham Buchanan, the widow, and George Dalziel, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £33,651. The testator bequeaths £1000 to his son George; £50 each to his executors; and specific legacies of pictures, plate, etc., to his children. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for all his children.

The will and codicil of Sir Algernon William Need, Bart., of Grittleton, Chippingham, who died on Aug. 11, was proved on Sept. 21 by Philip Wroughton and Alfred John Keary, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £24,108. The testator gives £100 to the Rev.



MR. ALDERMAN AND SHERIFF VAUGHAN MORRAN'S CHAIN AND BADGE.

The shrieval chain and badge illustrated above were presented to Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Vaughan Morran by the Rev. Richard Lee, Head Master of Christ's Hospital, on behalf of a large number of friends and admirers of the Sheriff-elect. The chain has been designed by a continuous band, after the style of the Italian chains of the Middle Ages. The badge is large and imposing, with flowing scrolls, after the style of the centre link, from which it depends. The whole is the work of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company.

Calcraft Need Wyld; £1000 to his brother Captain Reginald R. Need, R.N., and £500 to his wife; £500 each to his brother Colonel Mortimer Need, and his sister Lady Willis; £1500 to his sister Mrs. Evelyn Mary Wroughton; £100 to his brother Elliot Arthur Need; £100 each to the four sons of Lady Willis; £200 to his niece Dorothy Wroughton, and £100 each to her five sisters; £200 each to St. Thomas's Hospital and the Bath Free Hospital; and legacies to executors, godchildren, and servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his brother Colonel Audley Dallas Need, 2nd Life Guards.

The will and codicil of Mr. John Mulliner, J.P., of Roseneath, Whalley Range, Manchester, who died on Aug. 4, was proved in London on Sept. 21 by Mrs. Esther Mulliner, the widow, Endon Mulliner, and Charles Mulliner, the sons, and Charles Francis Worrall, the executors, the value of the estate being £17,564.

A very ancient town in North Italy is keeping a festival which suggests some exceptionally long reminiscences. This is Ivrea, a little town, beloved of tourists in the Valle d'Aosta, which nestles under the southern side of the immense Alps, and has so nestled for two thousand years. It is, in fact, the twentieth century of its foundation that it is now celebrating. The poet Giocosa furnishes the necessary ode. Another notability of the neighbourhood is Signor D'Andrade, the most famous archaeologist of Italy, who spends the summer months hard by Ivrea, in his own Castle of Pavone, the restoration of which has been a labour of years.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company announce that the "Brighton in sixty minutes" Pullman Limited Express will run every Sunday on and from Oct. 7, from Victoria, 11 a.m., returning from Brighton 5 p.m. and 9 p.m.

MODERN FIELD GLASSES.

To the Naval and Military Officer, the Sport-man, and the Tourist, a binocular is most necessary. The War in South Africa and the operations in China have awakened an interest in field-glasses, which is so wide spread that our readers will certainly be interested in the following description of the new prismatic type of glass which is so rapidly supplanting glasses of the older form of construction, in consequence of a combination of these advantages which go to form a perfect field-glass—highest power, finest definition, largest field, smallest size, and lightest weight.

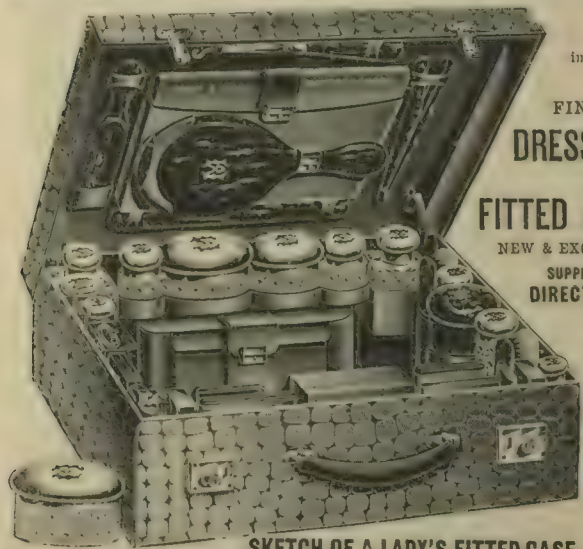
The most perfect model of prismatic field-glasses, which represents the highest standard of modern optical perfection, are the famous Goerz Trieder Binoculars, which have done and are still doing excellent service in South Africa, and with which a great part of the German Army, the recognised Model

Army of Europe, is equipped. The ray of light entering the glass is bent by reflecting prisms, as our readers can see in the accompanying figure, which shows the inner construction of this ingenious instrument. An enormous advantage the Goerz Glasses have over all other (A.B.) prismatic field-glasses is the ease with which they are adjusted to the eyes. The Goerz Trieder Binoculars can be focused with one hand only, which is far more convenient than having to use both, as is necessary with almost all other prismatic glasses. On horse-back this drawback to other glasses renders their use most difficult, if not impossible.

The extended field of view of the Goerz Trieder Binoculars is the greatest hitherto obtained in any glass, and this, together with the fine definition, even up to the extreme margin, is due to the special object-glasses which are the patent of the Goerz works. With this large field of view it is easy to keep the binocular on the required object, an operation very difficult with the hand telescopes of the old construction, owing to their extremely narrow field.

A very interesting pamphlet, giving all details about the Trieder Binoculars, can be obtained from any good optician throughout the United Kingdom, or, if this paper is mentioned, it will be sent post free by the maker, C. P. Goerz, 4 and 5, Holborn Circus, London, E.C.

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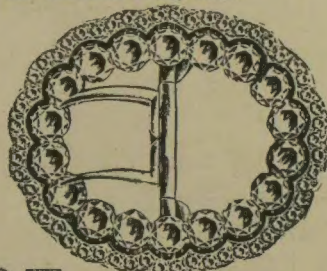
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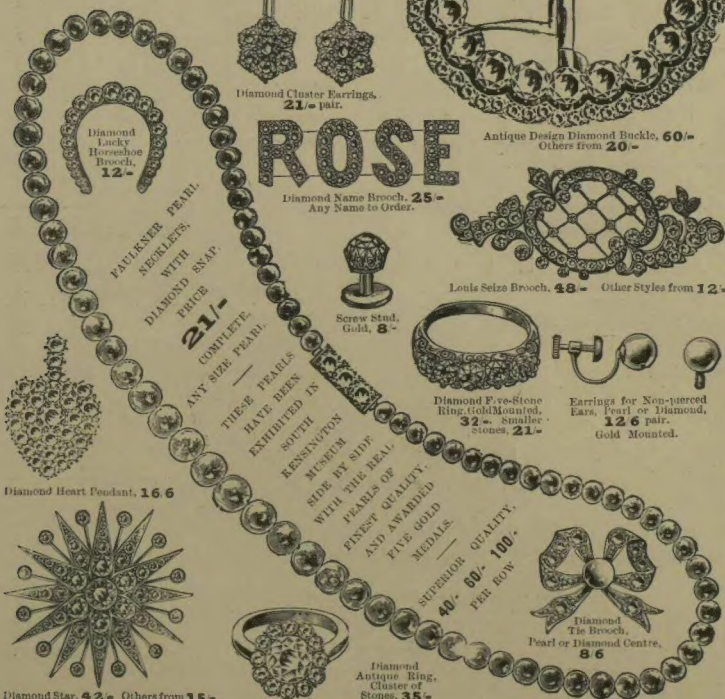
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VERSES IN TIME OF WAR.

Mr. Henley has always been Imperialist in politics and martial of temper, so that it would have been strange if a war which has stirred all England had left his Muse silent. Nevertheless, not all the poems in "For England's Sake: Verses and Songs in Time of War" (David Nutt) are the actual product of war-time, though that is true of the majority. Some two or three date back to his editorship of the *National Observer*, in 1891-92. As might be expected when so energetic a writer takes the field, they are very much superior to any song which has yet been cast up by the turbulent flood of the Transvaal War. It is a stirring little book, which ought to win for itself wide circulation wherever the zeal of race is accompanied by the zeal and understanding of song. Yet not all is of the best craftsmanship; and perhaps we may even say that the majority, good though it be, is not fully worthy of the

Henley we have known, the Henley armed at all points. That Henley sets his own arduous and individual standard in the Prologue, which is of the *National Observer* number:

When the wind storms by with a shout, and the stern sea-caves
Rejoice in the tramp and roar of on-setting waves,
Then, then it comes home to the heart that the top of life
Is the passion that burns the blood in the act of strife—
Till you pity the dead down there in their quiet graves.

But to drowse with the fen behind and the fog before,
When the rain-rot spreads, and a tame sea mumbles the shore,
Not to adventure, none to fight, no right and no wrong,
Sons of the Sword heart-sick for a stave of your sire's old song—
O, you envy the blessed dead that can live no more!"

That is the authentic Henley in his power and the rightness of his power—a son of the sword if ever there was

one. He has never had the large serenity, the impassioned and concentrated calm, of the supreme poets at their supremest. It is verse full of tumult and unrest, a wind that never sleeps, a sea without calms. Yet if his sword be ever unsheathed, it is an enchanted sword, which sings for blitheness of battle, like those mysterious blades of old. But in many of these poems we feel that, though the sword be grasped no less vigorously than ever, the virtue is gone from it, it has lost its sorcery; save for the arm that strikes, it has become like other swords. The old energy is there, but something is lacking of the secret gift which transfigured, sublimed it.

Mr. Henley, we think, in these poems often tends to push his lust of strength to extremes. Always vehement, in these martial poems it seems as if nothing but the berserk fury would satisfy him. That berserk rage has once found triumphant way into song: "Attila, My Attila!" witnesses the result. But even Mr. Meredith has only once adventured it. And one would wish, in many of these present poems, less emphasis, less

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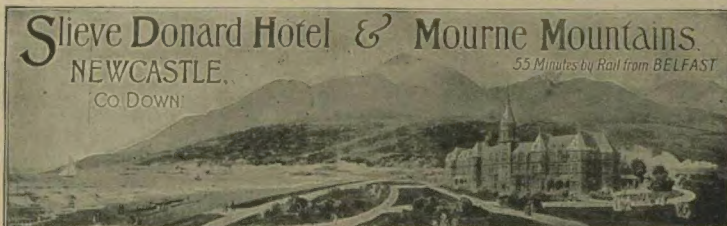
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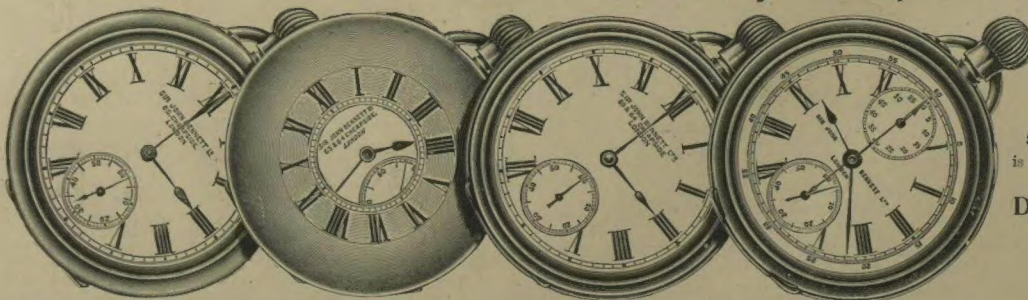
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stamping of feet, less of robust oaths. Mr. Henley has, in this, followed Mr. Kipling, not wisely, but too well. Not infrequently one feels that the one strong poet has his eye on the other, and one grudges a little that Mr. Henley should take lessons from any but his sufficing self. This is the case even in "Our Chief of Men"—one of the best things in the book. But it is impossible to quarrel with anything which has given us so rousing a ballad. It is a eulogy of Lord Roberts, with such sweep of movement, such virility of diction, such racehorse spirit, as carries everything and the reader before it. The veteran Marshal might well regard it as not the least of his laurels. It is a singular distinction that he has kindled the verse of two such men as

Mr. Kipling and Mr. Henley—an unmatchable pair among the deep-mouthed hounds of song. Other excellent things there are in the book, such lines as—

"The secret parts of the world were salted with our bones."

And not the least excellent is the fine "Envoy," a strong and original handling of the Shakspearean sonnet-form, nowadays so seldom used—

These to the glory and praise of the green land
That bred my women and that holds my dead,
England, and with her the strong broods that stand
Wherever her fighting lines are pushed or spread!

They call us proud?—Look at our English Rose!

Shedders of blood?—Where hath our own been spared?

Shopkeepers?—Our account the high God knows!

Close?—In our bounty half the world hath shared.

They hate us and they envy?—Pity and hate

Should drive them to the Pit's edge?—Be it so!

That race is damned which misestimates its fate,

And this, in God's good time, they all shall know,

And know you too, you good green England, then—

Mother of mothering girls and governing men!

The book is stamped with Mr. Henley's personality, and if not everywhere his best, we are grateful for it, and it is worthy of our gratitude.

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